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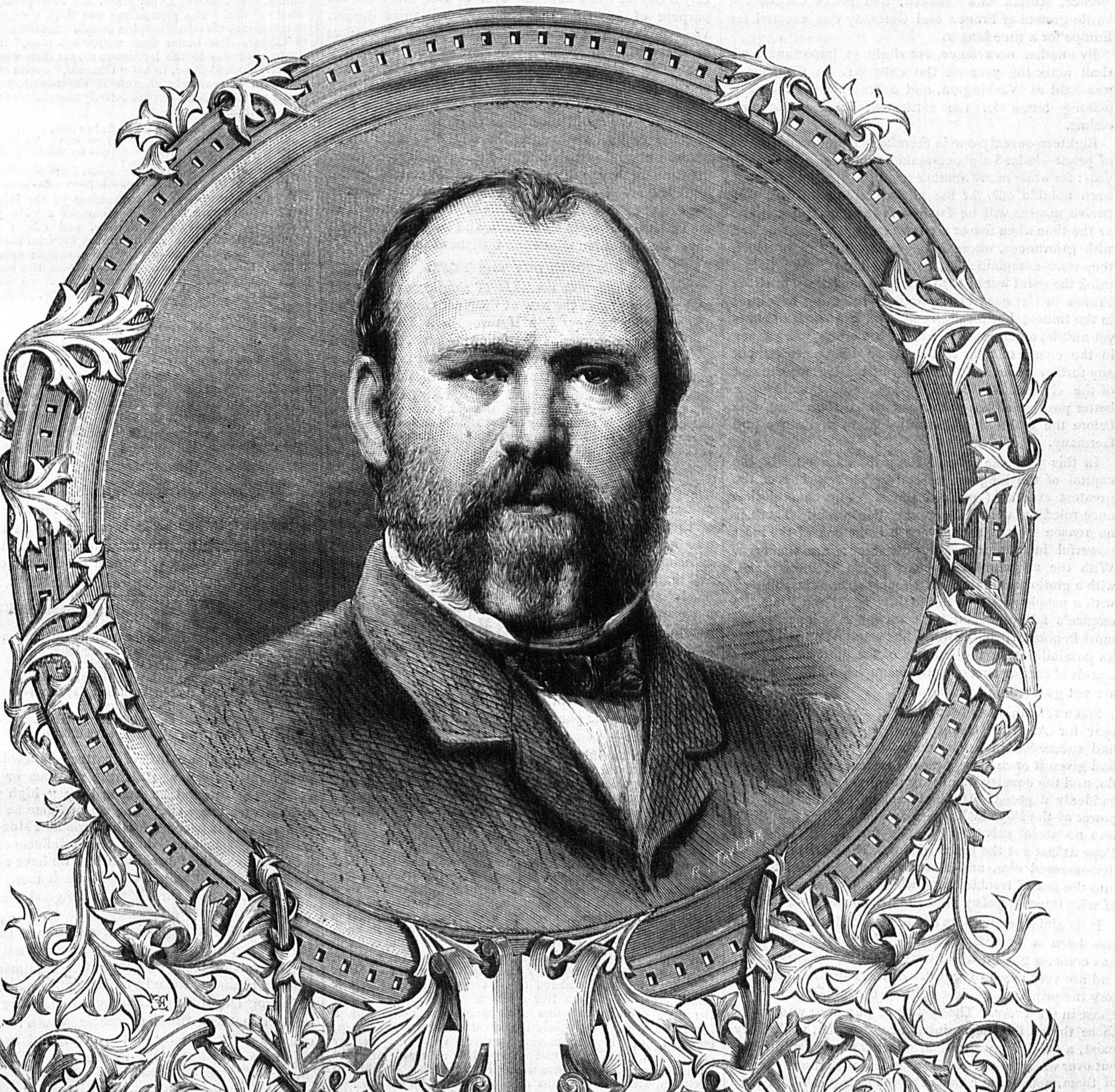


COUNT S'MEMEDE.

1871.

We have arrived within a day or two of the end of this latest of the years. What shall we report of it as it departs?

We cannot say of it as we are told we should speak of the dead: "Nil nisi bonum." It will be known in the history of Europe notably as the year of the capitulation of Paris, as the year of the Commune, and as the year of the burning of the monuments of the brilliant and beautiful capital of France. "Paris," says M. Victor Hugo, "is the city of cities! Paris is the city of men!" and it happened in less than six months after the publication of these words, addressed to the Germans in deprecation of the siege and bombardment, that the "men" of whom M. Hugo spoke set on fire that same city. Those were the men in the name of whose greatness the poet pleaded; that was the city for whose salvation at the hands of foreign foes he prayed; and the city was set in flames by the friends and brethren in political creed of the poet who spoke in terms so grand and so prophetic.

By those things shall we know 1871 in history; but not by them alone. Since the 1st of January there has been a Conference in London settling afresh the relations of Russia and Turkey and the other Powers of Europe with respect to the Black Sea. By the Treaty of London, Earl Granville being President of the Conference, Russia was satisfied, and peace outside the battle-ground of France and Germany was secured for Europe for a time longer.

By another occurrence, not slight in importance, we shall mark the year on the calendar. A Conference was held at Washington, and a Treaty was concluded making terms for the settlement of the Alabama claims.

Eighteen-seventy-one is therefore emphatically a year of peace—indeed a peace-making and a peace-binding year; for while many another period of like duration has been notable only for the non-occurrence of war, this twelve months will be famous in the annals of the age as the time when five or six Powers more or less troubled with grievances, whereof they complained or of which they were complained of, came to terms. We do not think the great war of 1870 has done much good to either France or Germany in the way of preventing hostilities in the future; but those peoples will not come to blows yet awhile, and we may hope that something will happen in the course of time to heal their differences without any further resort to the wager of battle; for the rest of the civilised world, things are unquestionably in a better position for the promise of peace than they were before the outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany.

In this year the city of Rome has been made the capital of the kingdom of Italy. That is one of the greatest events of modern times. The country that once ruled the world is a great nation again. There is no reason why it should not become one of the most powerful in Europe. Its advantages are immense. With the magnificent seaboard of the Mediterranean, with a glorious climate, with the most splendid traditions, with a people who even in the dark ages, and after the empire's fall, produced from among their number the most famous artists the world has seen: Who shall limit its possibilities in the Europe of the future? All the laurels of coming times, all the triumphs, all the honours, are not going to fall to Germany.

Since 1866 this has been, we fear, the least auspicious year for Austria. Count Beust, by consummate art, had succeeded in saving the nation from sinking. He had given it once more a place to occupy and a work to do, and the country was doing it when Count Beust was suddenly deposed. He had broken for the time the power of the Pope in Italy—for without doing that there was no social salvation possible for Austria—but the Pope at last got the better of him. The priesthood have dispossessed him, and Austria is, we fear, cast back into the sea of troubles from which she emerged by dint of wise internal policy after the disaster of Sadowa.

It is almost enough to say of Great Britain that this has been a prosperous year. We have, now the end has come, a good deal to congratulate ourselves upon, and not very much to regret. In the Parliamentary history the principal achievement is the abolition of purchase in the army. The system of purchase was one of those things for the maintenance of which, while they exist, a good many strong arguments may be adduced; but over which, when we have made an effort and got rid of them, nobody ever thinks of mourning. While it is not done, it is hard to do it; but once done, the chief pain is over.

At home, however, this is, above all things, the Education year. A fortnight before the close of the year the parent of a child in Liverpool was fined one shilling, and half-a-crown costs, for neglecting to send his son to school. Take that incident as a sign. It sets its stamp on 1871. We have about 330 School Boards constituted by the end of the year. The machinery has been set in motion; the poor children are to be educated; and the Commissioners under the Endowed Schools Act will take up the better and higher part of the work from the hands of the School Boards where they leave it.

We went through a painful period of suspense this December—for we feared we should lose the heir to the throne in the very prime of early manhood—but the end of the year brings comfort. The Prince is on the safe side of his illness, and will live—we doubt not now—to reign over this country many years when his turn comes.

So all ends happily, and the curtain may be let fall upon the drama of 1871.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

At the Mansion House.

Unlucky is the wight who gets convicted of offences in the city of London within a few days of Christmas. It occurred to us to see two wretches brought before the Lord Mayor a day or two before the 25th, charged with having in their possession certain articles—to wit, in one case, nuts, and in the other case fruit—of the possession of which they were not able to give an account, and in passing sentence of two or three weeks' imprisonment upon each his Worship gave implicit orders that they should not be served with the usual Newgate Christmas dinner. We suppose there is a good reason for this peculiarity of summary justice at this particular season. It may be that by a curious ingenuity of perversity persons would commit petty offences in the streets of the City a day or two before the 25th of December for the purpose of securing the Newgate Christmas dinner. We do not think, however, that was the object of the victims in these particular cases. They did not look particularly crestfallen when this special condition of their imprisonment—which came with notable gusto from the lips of an alderman—was pronounced. We could not help wondering where the first of these criminals obtained the bagful of nuts which brought him into trouble. First he said he bought them, then he said they were given to him, and at last, before the Lord Mayor, he declared that he stood treat for them to the extent of one shilling; whereupon the inference of the Court was that he stole them, and he got twenty-one days' incarceration minus the Christmas dinner.

Ringing out the Year.

There are different methods of ringing out the old year and ringing in the new at different churches. The effect would be very fine if throughout London one method were observed. The following plan, mentioned by a campanologist, in a letter addressed to a country paper, strikes us as in many respects admirable:—

> On New Year's Eve a muffled peal is rung from 11.30 till 11.55, to mark the departure of the old year. At twelve o'clock its knell is sounded by twelve strokes on the tenor bell, after which, the muffles having been removed from the clappers of the bells, the New Year is ushered in by a merry peal.

Pantomimes.

We are not about to report upon the London pantomimes in this column, but to look a little into the history of this form of entertainment, by the help of a writer who has taken great pains to master the subject. Notwithstanding the temptation of writers in newspapers and magazines at this season to furnish readers with as much information as possible on this topic, we have been struck year after year by the fact that very little information is furnished. A correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, however, has taken exceptional trouble in this field of investigation, and from his letter we extract some of the most interesting passages. Searching among traditions and the materials of history for the dawn of the pantomime, he gets the first glimmer of light thus:—

> We see on Twelfth Day, 1513, a gorgeous pageant at Bluff Harry's Court, whereof not the least striking fairy-like phenomenon is a golden mountain, with, on the top, a golden tree. Out of this mountain sprang a lady, attended by children of honour. This feat was repeated every Christmas for seventy to eighty years. The eve of St. Nicholas was devoted to the election of a boy-bishop. The festival, according to Strype, was inaugurated with a view to stimulating the choristers, taught in the schools of music, in their studies. "The boy-bishop was pretty sure to be the good boy of the school—that is, if he were handsome and well-shaped, qualifications even more essential than merit, as appears from the register of York Cathedral." His robes, provided by the choir, were, as the Northumberland household book testifies, only second in magnificence to those of the diocesan himself. A statute of Old St. Paul's furnished the London boy-bishop with a horse. After being permitted to say mass by the statutes of Winchester College, and ordered to by those of Eton, the boy-bishop preached on that text of inimitable loveliness, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," went home with a hired train of mountebanks and minstrels, sang songs, indulged in laughter-moving antics with his motley crew, and finally wound up with a feast provided by the churchwardens. Nor were girls forgotten. Archbishop Peckham, writing to the nuns of Godstowe (1278), enjoins that "public prayers be no longer said in the church on St. Catherine's day by little girls." The difference in point of detail between Christmas then and Christmas now was that whereas we go to church first and to pantomime afterwards, our simpler fathers combined the two. As Christmas in England has often been the occasion of misplaced mirth, it has never been the cloak for unbridled licentiousness. The Abbot of Unreason was our equivalent for the Continental Bishop of Fools. But the Abbot of Unreason, who was a poetasting knight or gentleman, nominated by monarch or Minister, never presided over worse elements than fun, horse-play, and satire. These, no doubt, are completely out of tune with the sanctuary. Still, they are innocent compared with its libidinous hypocritical desecration which disgraces the Christmas history of other lands. Indeed, the worst feature in our own is the unsavoury anathema of the Puritan Stubbs, who betrays a remarkable relish for the evils which his unctuous rhetoric so graphically decries. He gloats over the anointed King with his twenty, threescore, or a hundred waiters, dressed in liveries of green, white, and yellow, over their scarves, ribbons, laces, golden rings, and precious stones, over the handkerchiefs in their hands and round their necks, the twenty or forty bells round each leg, their hobby horses, and their dragons, above all over their parade to church amidst "the devil's dance of the thundering drummers." Perhaps he had personal experience of the fact that the man who ventured to express a serene hope that such an unseemly procession would at his suggestion dissolve instanter, was carried on a cow-staff and ducked in a millstream. In 1440 Captain John Gladman, a man true to God and King, and as unlike Stubbs as he must have been unlike Stiggins, spent a very merry Christmas with his neighbours. He rode on a gaudily-caparisoned horse. After him crept the figure of Lent, clothed in herring-skins, with the most wretched of hacks for the semblance of a steed, and the most unlovely of oyster-shells for the adornment of his harness. A train of roysterers and mimics, pantomimics, followed, tricked up as unconscious illustrations of unborn Darwinism, as bears, wolves, apes, as armed warriors, or as harridans with blackened faces and tattered clothes. Carts brought up the rear, with old fools, in appropriate costume, pretending to hatch young fools. The word young epitomises the place held by children, in all the early, as in all recent, pantomime. Hitherto we have seen English pantomime as a chrysalis. It now enters the stage as a butterfly. "Comic masques in the high style of Italy" were among the fashionable sensations of the patent houses in 1700. The first English pantomime so called was put on the boards by Rich, manager of the Lincoln's Inn-fields Company, on Boxing-night, 1717, under the title, "A new Italian mimic scene (never performed before) between a Scaramouch, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, his Wife, and others." The prodigal inventiveness of Rich was spurred by his rivalry with Cibber, sole lessee of Drury Lane, and monopolist of the legitimate drama. The pantomime was Rich's strategy whereby to entice into his own Thespian temple the redundant devotees to Cibber. Far better than "Trochu's plan," it succeeded. Pantomime was to the legitimate drama then what burlesque is now. Indeed Pope, in his "Dunciad," sneers at the insane audiences who can take pleasure in the monstrosities of pantomimic spectacles, and Garrick bitterly complains of the deserters from his shrine:—
>
> They in the drama find no joys,
> But doat on mimicry and toys;
> Thus when a dance is in my bill
> Nobility my boxes fill,
> Or send three days before the time
> To crowd a new-made pantomime.
>
> Between, however, the pantomime of the Richian epoch and the nineteenth century pantomimes a wide gulf yawns. *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Pantaloon*, and *Clown* make their popular appearance in the interludes between the comic fable, not upon the completion of "the burlesque opening," a traditional arrangement which Dibdin was the last of pantomime writers to observe. Pantomime actors, on the other hand, were then in much higher repute than now. Garrick wrote of Lun—
>
> With matchless art and whim
> He gave the power of speech to every limb;
> Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
> And told in frolic gestures all he meant.
>
> Woodward, too, known for his presentations of *Lord Foppington*, *Marplot*, and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, was celebrated in the *rôle* of harlequin. Critics have asked whether Grimaldi would own, or Rich recognise, the modern development of the pantomime, in which the burlesque opening dwarfs and darkens the harlequinade.

Christmas Monday.

The London correspondent of the *Brighton Daily News*, remarking upon the fact that Monday appears to be regarded by holiday makers generally as a favourable day in the week for the incidence of Christmas, quotes the following quaint old oracle on the subject:—

If Christmas Day on Monday be,
A great winter that year 'twill be,
And full of winds both loud and shrill.
But in summer, truth to tell,
High winds shall there be and strong,
Full of tempests, lasting long.
While battles they shall multiply,
And great plenty of beasts shall die.
They that be born that day, I ween,
They shall be strong each one and keen;
He shall be found that stealest aught—
Tho' thou be sick, thou diest not.

There is a great deal of matter in a few lines. The poet does not say whether the previous or the forthcoming summer will be marked by "high winds and strong, and tempests," but we presume he means the summer that is to come, for the Christmas Monday cannot be expected to exert these occult influences before it exists. As to the "great winter," we have already had some of it, and it will not take much more frosts and "winds loud and shrill" to make good the prophet's words.

But whether this particular occurrence be lucky or the reverse, the Monday Christmas will not fail to be popular among those who are in working times kept very close to business, since by including the modern holiday of Boxing Day three clear successive days are secured—enough in these times to enable a man to travel from one end of the country to the other and back, and to enjoy his Christmas Day in the interval between his journeys.

The *Western Mail* says the agitation which since September last has occupied so much attention in the Forest of Dean district among the colliers and miners is likely to be extended to the ironworkers, and a strike among the latter class will not astonish those who are behind the scenes. It is said they have to work too long hours and too hard: that the puddlers are expected to work six heats instead of five, as in other districts.

Good value for money is desired by all, hence the great demand for Horniman's Pure Tea—uniformly strong, wholesome, and truly cheap. Sold in packets by 2,538 Agents; Chemists, Confectioners, &c. [538

COUNTRY LIFE.

Christmas Week.

Not those aspects of country life in Christmas week which are very frequently the subject of descriptions, but those which receive little or no literary notice, are the aspects we are thinking of just now. They are not salient. They are not exactly remarkable. They are indeed of the sort which may be regarded as quite ordinary—but they belong to the season.

For some reason a large number of people take to the fields in those days. We can hardly tell why. The weather is not as it is in the summer. If the sun happens to shine, it is in quite a valetudinarian style. The agricultural lanes and field paths are mostly very muddy. The farm yards, where the pigs are grubbing about in a bed of black soaked straw, are very nearly, if not quite, impassable. It is not the season for rural walks unless the weather should happen to be frosty and clear, and that does not very often happen in the last week in December. But there go the wanderers, in groups, each for the most part with a twig out of the hedge in his hand, while a fair percentage have pipes in their mouths. They are not looking for birds' nests; yet at times that seems to be their occupation. They certainly beat the hedges and poke a good deal at holes, and they generally have a dog with them which has the advantage of us in this particular: that it seems perfectly to understand the proceedings. It looks at the hedge-beating with a knowing eye, bending its ears forward intently. It jumps down into the ditch and explores the hole which engages the investigating faculties of the party. It is prepared to carry out the enterprise to any lengths, and is not unwilling to endeavour to grub a way through into the next field if it meets with any encouragement in the venture. Then the company move on. Nothing comes of the hole; nothing arises out of the hedge-beating. If the notion was rats, never a rat turns up; if the anticipation was rabbits, the rabbits are, in the language of the class of adventurers we are taking observation of, "one too many" for them. And so some two or three hours are passed, and the Christmas Day, or Boxing Day, or the subsequent day's extra holiday stolen from the too constant demands of labour, is passed.

The next party are the counterpart of these in every respect but one; they have a gun. It is only one weapon among them, but it is evidently the idol of the group. Whatever their respect for one another—and we have no wish to question their sentiments of mutual regard—their personal esteem is as nothing to their feeling with regard for the gun. We are, we suppose, speaking from impressions received before Mr. Lowe enacted the gun tax. It is very much to be feared that the ancient fowling-piece has been taken from the hands of the little body of adventurers of whom we are speaking by that act of tyranny on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but in those well-favoured days before the licence was necessary no man could stroll out across the wintry fields and pastures on the 26th, or two or three succeeding days of December, or on the 25th either, for that matter, without meeting or overtaking this band of associates with the one gun, the possessor whereof, we are inclined to think, very rarely, if ever, allowed the deadly weapon to pass out of his hands. The remainder of the company were but satellites of the sportsman, and worshippers of the fetish he carried; it was not for them to presume to claim or request the privilege of shooting at anything. Not that this feature of the proceedings made much difference, so far as the results were concerned. Not much of a bag would be made under any circumstances. The feudal laws of this benighted country forbade the killing of anything worth having, even if the sportsman were fortunate enough to see a hare or a pheasant, or capable of hitting one. We have no desire to cast a slur on these devotees of the gun. A certain amount of slaughter would most probably be committed. A thrush, a blackbird, and perhaps two or three field-sparrows, would be murderously wounded and rendered captive, and with these trophies the firing party would return to town at nightfall.

Probably these are the holiday occupations of the flower of the young labouring population. Were they a little lower in the scale of habit they would perhaps spend all these hours in the back room of a town beerhouse, while their *confrères* of a slightly better degree would reach as far as the village inn, and there remain till the small hours of the next morning. We must confess that if we have a preference in the matter, we prefer outdoor loafing to that of the beerhouse; country loafing to town loafing; and odd as it looks, when the sky is dull and threatening, and the ground is heavy and damp, to see people starting out for long rural walks, that is perhaps one of the best ways of spending their holiday hours by men for whom there is no special attraction in the season.

Hark Forward!

This is the best diversion for the crowd of unfortunate loafers who have a holiday and do not quite know what to do with it. A "meet" just outside a town is not at all an uncommon occurrence on one of the days following immediately upon the 25th of December, and there are occasions when the "run" turns out very favourable for the pedestrian crowd. We refer to those accidental turns of the fortune of the chase which bring the fox round again and again almost to the same spot. The running is at such times almost in a circle, and the foot followers are able to cross and recross the path of the fox, and again and again come in for a full view of the "field," and the sport. We have known instances of this description when the chase has occupied the best hours in the middle of the day, and has kept the crowd of loafers on the run during the whole time. This is sport indeed, when compared with beating the hedges for rat and rabbit holes, and shooting at unlucky blackbirds with a flint fowling-piece that misses fire three times before the flash.

But, barring the pleasure of the throng of stout runners from the town, the finest sport of the chase is deep in the heart of rural districts. An announcement of a meeting held a few days ago, at the London Inn at Exeter—the hotel rendered famous by Charles Dickens's praises, according to Mr. Forster's biography—reminds us of one of the most interesting hunting grounds in England. We refer to the Eggesford covers in North Devon, belonging to Lord Portsmouth. So nobly has his lordship filled the onerous and costly post of Master of the Eggesford Hounds during many years, and so handsomely has he dispensed hospitality at the Hall, that the huntsmen of North Devon met at the above excellent hotel and determined to subscribe for a testimonial to the noble earl. We, too, know something of the fine qualities of Dickens's favourite hotel, and we are not wholly without reminiscences of the Eggesford hunting country and of Lord Portsmouth's handsome treatment of his neighbours, spoken of at the meeting in question in the following terms by the Chairman, Mr. J. G. Johnson:—

> This step had been taken in consequence of the very general feeling found to exist throughout the Eggesford country that the time had arrived when an expression ought to be made to Lord Portsmouth of the feelings of gratitude they all entertained for his liberality, his great courtesy, his anxious desire to show sport, and his successful efforts to show sport through very many years, without causing a fraction of expense to any of them—efforts which had promoted their happiness and created feelings of cordiality among them.

Happiness and cordiality seem but inadequate words to express the heartiness—the glee—which characterise the meetings at Eggesford year after year. The breakfast at the Hall on the occasion of the first meet of the season is an event in illustration of the bright side of English country life to be remembered for a generation; and the scene of the assembly of the horsemen and horsewomen and the dogs upon the lawn, is a spectacle to assure the "fine old English gentleman" that the spirit of the "olden time" is not yet wholly departed. And what a country it is for beauty! It takes something more than winter to spoil it. A level landscape loses everything when it loses the leaves from the trees; but a district like that round Eggesford is picturesque in the midst of December or January, in the midst of frost or snow, or when the rain is coming down in torrents. For it is a country beautiful of form and abounding in variety, with lines of musical ruddy torrents breaking the monotony of field and grass, and with bits of variegated rock making crests and ridges to the hills. Huntsmen of Leicester and Lincolnshire among our readers of "Country Life" would not, perhaps, be quite happy for the first time riding after the hounds over rugged rocks and up and down hills at an incline of from thirty to forty degrees; but they would like to see the array of strong-loined horses on which these North Devon sportsmen are mounted, and they will hear with pleasure of the intended testimonial to that pattern of Masters F. H., Lord Portsmouth.

A Tile Off.

There is a wit among the aldermen of the Brighton Town Council, and his latest joke—we mean his latest in public, for we do not doubt that he has fired off a good many smart ones during this Christmas season in private—was made at the last meeting of the Brighton Town Council. The subject was certain services by Father Ignatius on a Sunday evening at the Pavilion. It appeared that a charge was made for admission to these services, and some zealous Protestant Councillor inquired into the particulars of the letting, in order to know how much Father Ignatius paid for the use of the Pavilion, and whether it was proper that he should be allowed to make a charge for admission. It did not appear that the charge for admission could be interdicted, though it was stated that the proceedings were "certainly as good as a play," and that "there was very fine music and a capital piece of acting." As to the charge for the use of the hall, it was explained that when the building was used in order to raise funds in aid of a local institution the charge was only £2, when for the benefit of institutions other than local, £3; and when for profit of the hirer, £4. Father Ignatius gave these religious entertainments for the purpose of raising a fund towards the support of a monastery at a distant part of England, and he would therefore, in strict accordance with the rule, have the use of the Hall for £3, and make a profit of from £20 to £30 from each service. Some councillors were of opinion that the distant monastery was not a fair case for the operation of the smaller rate of payment, and upon this point Alderman Martin spoke thus:—

> He understood that a roof had been blown off some building connected with Father Ignatius, and the services were to raise money to restore it. Whether it was in Norfolk or in Wales he did not know, but he was very certain that there was a tile off somewhere. (Great laughter.) He thought it was pretty near time that a stop was put to it. When he heard that Father Ignatius wanted a band to enliven his proceedings, he wondered whether it was to be outside the doors to attract the people.

Beyond Alderman Martin's joke nothing came of the debate.

The question whether or not a "tile" is off has puzzled a good many speculators. We have many recollections of Father Ignatius, dating from a time when he was far less famous or notorious than he is to-day, and that problem was as difficult of solution then as now. In those early days, when the English monk was scarcely twenty-one years of age, we thought him, in some respects, the most eloquent man we had ever heard, and his singing was as sweet as "the music of the spheres." Except in the Madeleine at Paris, at a requiem service, we never heard vocal melody so plaintive or so touching. His enthusiasm at that time, when he was little more than a youth, was a psychological study such as not many times comes under our notice.

Enough, however, of the English Benedictine for the present. Before we finish the paragraph we cannot refrain from quoting another example of Alderman Martin's wit. The Council were discussing a grievance. A large number of stray dogs were observed to wander about the streets of Brighton, and a worthy alderman had contended that the police should look to it; addressing the Council in the following terms:—

> Although he had on many previous occasions condemned the practice of the police becoming public informers, the statute in this instance gave positive instructions for the police to assist the Inland Revenue officers.

Whereupon Alderman Martin quoth as follows:—

> It was refreshing to hear Mr. Alderman Alger come round to those views which he (Mr. Alderman Martin) had urged over and over again. And as to the police being required to look after every dog that was running about, they had quite enough to do to look after the other *sex*. (Laughter.)

Desecration.

"The cup of Lord Byron's posthumous afflictions," says "Y. X.," addressing the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "is not yet full," and he proceeds to say, upon an evening last week, in the streets of Liverpool,

> I observed that an enterprising chemist in your neighbourhood had utilised his lordship's bust. He had placed upon the plaster lips a respirator, and upon the chest a flannel protector. These things, useful in their way, are not usually associated with the author of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred."

"Y. X." associates this insult to the memory of Lord Byron with that cast upon the noble poet's reputation some year or two ago by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, but we confess we do not quite see the analogy. If Mrs. Stowe's house were desecrated by the presence of a bust of Lord Byron we very much doubt whether the authoress of "Sunny Memories," who has become still more famous for her shady memories, would place a respirator on his lips or a flannel protector on his chest.

Stirring Days Coming.

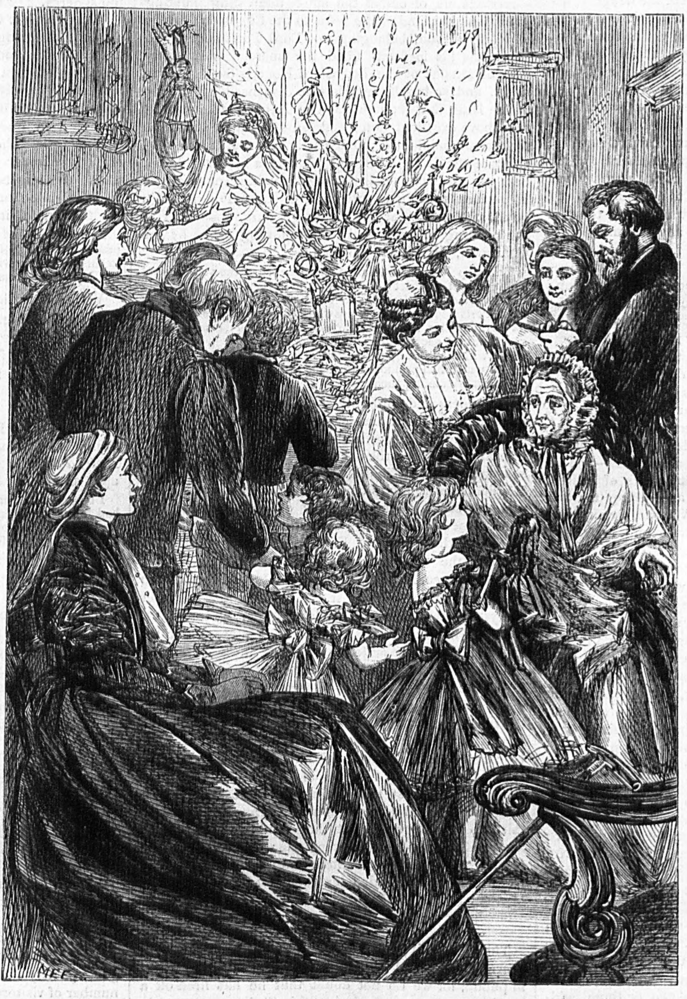
Who knows the retired and miraculously quiet town of Dorchester? For the information of all such we announce that next Whitsuntide the great show of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society and Southern Counties Association will be held in that town. We can hardly imagine the commotion the incident will create. These exhibitions are as important in their way as those of the Royal Agricultural Society, and certainly more interesting, because associated with the horses, cattle, and implements are always a good show of pictures and works of industrial art, an horticultural exhibition, and a great poultry show. These events bring together a vast number of visitors from the West of England, and many from London, and we cannot imagine what Dorchester will do with them all.

The Omnibus Company of Paris is preparing, it is stated, to bring an action for damages against the municipal administration of Paris for a loss of 300,000fr., caused by the loss of 200 horses from the recent accumulation of snow in the streets.

Whisky.—Of all spirits consumed in England none have increased in consumption to the same extent as whisky, and this is in a measure accounted for by the great improvements that have taken place in distillation, and the large amount of capital invested in its production, both in Scotland and Ireland. But, after all, the distillation of the article is not the only important point; for, as is also the case with brandy, the value of whisky depends to a great extent on its age. We know of one London firm—W. and A. Gilbey—who have about 3,000 puncheons (300,000 gallons) always maturing in bond, and for this purpose they have lately adapted a building well known to most travellers by the London and North Western Railway as the "Round House" at Camden—a building originally erected by the railway company at considerable expense as an engine-house. Here are stored large stocks of all the most famous whiskies of Ireland and Scotland. Were the system pursued by this firm more generally followed, it is not difficult to imagine a time when whisky would be a strong competitor with brandy, more especially should the French Government be induced to charge an export duty on cognac brandy.—*Standard*, 20th December.

MR. SPURGEON IN ROME.

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has been spending a few days in Rome, and on Sunday the 10th inst. he preached in the Presbyterian Church outside the Porta del Popolo. A correspondent of the *Telegraph* says:—The audience was very large; the interest, both of old and young, was intense; the oration a perfect triumph. Of the text I say nothing—for many reasons, one of which is, that I have forgotten it. Yes! I am ashamed to confess it. I paid so much attention to the discourse that I forgot, and cannot now call to mind the words with which it began—albeit those words were sacred. But the text and the discourse had, I know, little to do with each other; the former was the apology for the latter, not the groundwork on which it was built up; and, while the one made us thoughtful, the other made us alternately sad and merry—brought tears into our eyes and laughter to our lips, and made us forget at times, though not for long, in Whose house we were, and Whose cause the speaker was pleading before us. Perhaps the word "laughter" may appear too shocking; let me, then, say that some of Mr. Spurgeon's remarks caused smiling—loud smiling; but do not forget the real merits of the man—his earnestness and pathos, his fine voice, and his great command over the English language. Perhaps the boldest thing Mr. Spurgeon ever said in his life was said in his running comments before the sermon, while reading a chapter of Scripture. Somehow or other, he introduced Rome and Roman affairs into his discourse, and raising his hands and eyes at the same time—the hands clasped, the eyes turned up to the ceiling—he broke out, without warning or preparation of any kind, in the following terms:—"O Victor Emmanuel! O Emmanuel of Heaven, thou true Victor! Help the Italians, bless and sanctify their cause, and make them prosperous." I do not think the cry of "Fire!" or "Stop thief!" uttered in the middle of the sermon, would have caused much more sensation than this prayer did; some of the congregation looked frightened, some indignant, some painfully amused; a few old ladies seemed as if they would rush out of the church, but being too far from the door, kept their seats; others appeared bewildered, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, and quite beside themselves. Others, again, and they formed the greater portion of the congregation, both as regards men and women—sat, as it were, spell-bound and devout-looking, wondering what would come next, and prepared apparently for any change, no matter how violent, from grave to gay, from passion to grim humour. The change came, and came adroitly—came before it was possible to laugh or to feel really angry; and tears, worked up from the depths of the heart, came to the eyes of those who a moment before cast looks of reproach and misgiving at this singular preacher. "Is this man an actor, or a servant of God?" asked a pious-looking lady of her husband as they left the church together. "Can't say," answered the gentleman, putting on his hat; "perhaps a little of both."



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Like most of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons the discourse of Sunday abounded in anecdotes, all happily chosen, all pointed and well told; some of them pathetic, others exceedingly funny. The story of the "Monk and the Convent Bell" was very effective, although a little hackneyed. Who has not read in his childhood of the good friar, praying in his cell before the Vision of Our Saviour, who at the very moment that the Vision was on the verge of speaking was called away to give bread to the poor? If anyone has forgotten the legend, let him read Miss Christina Rossetti's poem on the subject, and he will find how, when the monk returned to his cell, fearing he had done wrong in going away, the Vision addressed him in these or similar terms: "Be not afraid, thou faithful servant; thou hast done well, and not ill. Hadst thou forgotten the poor I had forgotten thee; hadst thou tarried with me I had departed." Mr. Spurgeon's story of the young preacher who broke down in his prayer caused some of the "loud smiling" to which I have already referred. It was the case of a tyro in preaching, who meant well, but could not say much, partly in consequence of shyness, partly of incapacity. "I like that young man," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and I like him because he broke down. Oh, what a good thing it would be if some ministers of our acquaintance would only break down when they are in the midst of a long prayer!" The shortest prayer noticed was that of a man who would make no prayer at all. It was a soldier on the morning of a battle. Before girding on his sword to fight in a righteous cause, he looked towards the table where his Bible lay, and then towards Heaven. "Gracious Lord!" he exclaimed; "to-day will be a busy day, and I fear I shall have no time to say my prayers; but if I forget Thee do not Thou forget me!"

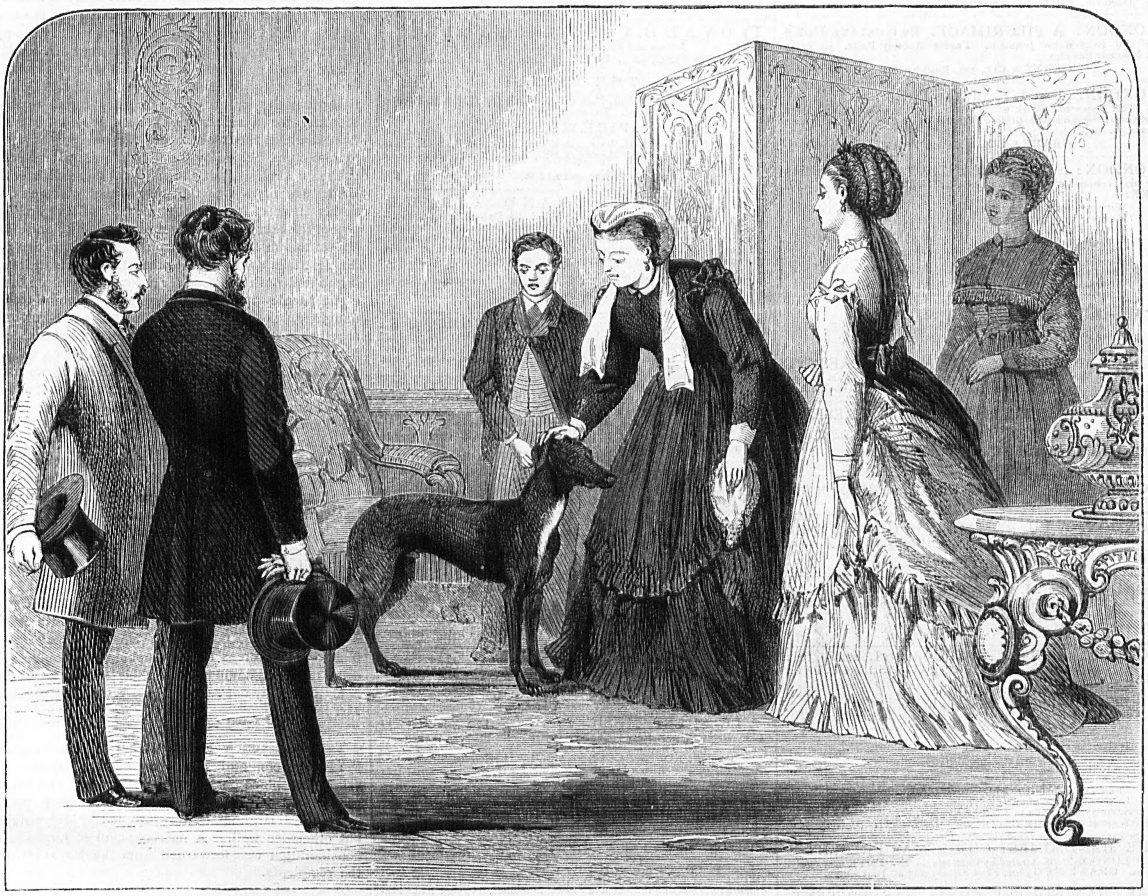
Mr. Spurgeon brought his sermon to a conclusion by calling on all his hearers to help him and each other in the good work that lay before them, and do all they could to convert the "idolatrous city" in which they had taken up their residence. At the end of the service there was a collection, and the famous English preacher was invited by a friend of Father Gavazzi to deliver a sermon in the Italian Protestant Church in Piazza Trajana. As Mr. Spurgeon cannot speak Italian, an interpreter was engaged; and thus it happened that two preachers were to be heard preaching one sermon—a strange medley, for the Italian spoke little English, and the Englishman no Italian; and between them both the audience was confounded, and the sermon a failure.

THE *Levant Herald* says:—"We have received several complaints of the behaviour of the military since the appointment of Essad Pasha. Ladies are daily insulted in the streets at Pera, and the passers-by are assaulted and robbed by soldiers without the culprits having been punished in any single case. The Ministry take no steps to put an end to this state of things."

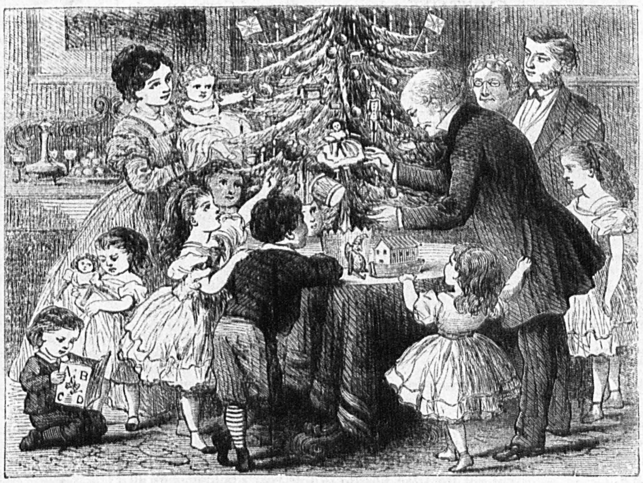
AN INDIAN PARALLEL TO THE TICHBORNE CASE.

THE Tichborne Baronetcy case, now the subject of such intense interest at home, recalls to our mind a somewhat similar case which happened in this part of the world some thirty years ago. We allude to the case of the pretended claimant of the Burdwan *Gaddi*, which at the time created the utmost excitement all over Bengal. The stake then played for was greater by far, for if the Tichborne estates are worth £40,000 per annum, the Burdwan Raj had an annual income of £130,000, besides a vast sum accumulated by the old Rajah and his ancestors. The Burdwan Chief, like the patriarch of old, had "a son, an only son," who, as the story goes, when a youth, while bathing one day in the river, suddenly disappeared. Nobody could tell what became of him. As may well be supposed, every possible and impossible search was made; and as the body was not found, the general belief was that the heir-apparent to the Burdwan Raj was not drowned. The old Rajah, after years of grief, and when every quest for his lost heir had proved fruitless, adopted a son, who is at this day the Rajah of Burdwan. Fourteen years after the mysterious disappearance of the youthful heir-apparent, and not long after the death of the old Rajah, a claimant turned up, insisting upon his right to the Burdwan *Gaddi* as the legal heir. He proceeded, with a strong following, in which he was substantially assisted by native zemindars, to take possession of his own, but he received an effectual check in his career by the interposition of the local magistrate, Mr. Ogilvie. The pretended Rajah was publicly denounced as an impostor, and it was proved that his real name was Aluk Shah, and not Partabchandar Singh, the missing heir. Subsequently the pretended Rajah found an adherent and zealous supporter in the person of a Calcutta Babu of wealth, through whom he was enabled to secure the professional services of one of the acutest and most energetic attorneys, whose technical skill and persistent zeal on behalf of his client enabled him, in a comparatively short time, to make a tolerably good fortune. A long course of litigation, first in the Burdwan Courts, and then in the Supreme Court, followed. The legal proceedings were sometimes criminal and sometimes civil, but extending over a duration of two or three years. Altogether they were ruinously costly, and the claimant Rajah and his friends were soon made to feel that they were by no means an equal match, in a pecuniary point of view, with those opposed to them, possessed as they were of untold wealth. The upshot was that the pretender went to the wall, and died in abject poverty, and the possessor of the *Gaddi* remained, as he is this day, the Rajah of Burdwan.—*Indian Paper.*

WHEN the new tram line from Camberwell to Peckham and Greenwich is opened in January, the company will (says the *South London Courier*) have upwards of twenty-five miles of tramway in operation in South London.



DEATH OF MASTER M'GRATH—THE DOG BEFORE HER MAJESTY.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, DECEMBER 30, 1871.

GOVERNMENT has broken out in a fresh place. According to the *Era* the Examiner of Stage Plays has cut out from the libretto of this year's pantomimes all uncomplimentary allusions to Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues in the Cabinet, and a notice has been served on all managers forbidding such allusions. This is quite a bit of romance: we are back again in the age of witches, with a Premier who fears the fairy of a pantomime! This must needs be a strong Government, not one of your sinking Ministries that catch at straws.

A LETTER has appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* from Mr. RUSKIN, having reference to the subscription now being raised for the renovation of Warwick Castle. The castle was really in the hands of the public, who were admitted every day, were allowed to walk in the grounds and make themselves thoroughly at home. It is the public's loss as much as the owners of the castle, and we think the public ought to be proud of the opportunity now given to them. But what says Mr. RUSKIN? He tells us he is a castle-lover of the truest sort, and does not suppose that any man alive has felt anything like the sorrow or anger (they called upon Mr. RUSKIN for a subscription) with which he himself has watched the modern destruction by railroad and manufacture, helped by the wicked improvidence of our great families, of half the national memorials of England. He informs us that he spoke of Warwick Castle in his letter of last October in "Fors Clavigera" as a type of the architectural treasures of this England of ours, known to him and beloved from childhood to this hour. He next tells us that at the present time he is endeavouring to find work and food for a boy of seventeen, one of eight people—two married couples, a woman and her daughter, the boy and his sister—who all sleep together in one room some eighteen feet square, in the heart of London, and "You call upon me for a subscription to rebuild Warwick Castle! . . . I am an old and thoroughbred Tory, and as such I say, 'If a noble family cannot rebuild their own castle, in GOD's name let them live in the nearest ditch they can.'" There would have been quite as much argument and reason in this sentence if GOD's name had been left out—it is a kind of gentle blasphemy that does not charm us. It is no better than street slang, a specimen of which we heard this very week, and will repeat as a parallel. We were at Chelsea. It was night, and we were passing two well-dressed men—we will call them gentlemen. A. said "Well, I don't know how I shall get home. I want to go to Regent's Park. It's so late! What shall I do?" B: "Victoria, by the grace of GOD, or the Camden Town omnibus." A. started for the Victoria Station. This beats Mr. RUSKIN. It is, if we may say so, humorous; whereas to say a noble family may sit in a ditch in GOD'S name because their home is burnt down, is neither funny nor reasonable. We do not agree with Mr. RUSKIN.

THE distribution of the Royal Christmas gifts to the labourers and cottagers on the Sandringham estate took place on Saturday afternoon. The Princess of WALES and the Princess ALICE were present. Their Royal Highnesses were fatigued by long watching, but otherwise well. A message full of kindness and consideration was forwarded from the Royal invalid to the recipients.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

COUNT S'MEMEDE.

Count S'Memede, whose portrait we give on our front page, is the President of the Portuguese Hospital at Rio de Janeiro. He is a popular man, and is much respected in his own country. He has for many years taken an active part in public affairs, and has won himself an honourable reputation. The last enterprise with which Count S'Memede has identified himself is a daily paper for Rio de Janeiro, which promises to be a great success.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Since last week we have been under the mistletoe and done honour to the bush. We have had our beef and smiled with lively gratitude. We have also had our pudding and suffered indigestion. And we have seen the Christmas Tree with the young folk thronging round. We have seen strange, quaint little wooden men hanging on the boughs, and we have observed the rolling of the eye likewise of the young gentlemen. We have overflowed with admiration at the little ladies with fluffy muslin dresses, pink cheeks, hanging in mid-air with ropes round their stomachs, with straight, undeveloped legs, stiff outstretched arms, and very black uneven eyes. The Chinese lamps have delighted the children, and over bran-new and very warlike soldiers, with their two legs stuck together to render retreat an impossibility, have been suspended union jacks, the emblem of firmness, the canvas being perpetually on the stretch, and never for one moment hanging round the pole.

AN ARTICLE ON MASTER M'GRATH,

Who has lately died, will be found in another part of the paper. Our illustration represents the dog before Her Majesty at Windsor.

THE MAIL CART IN A STORM.

This work is from a painting by the late Ben Herring, who is the subject of an article on our 218th page.

TILLERS.

This study carries its explanation along with it. It is a fancy picture, and the artist calls it Tillers. There is grace and life in the figures, and they are worked out with a truly artistic feeling.

REMINISCENCE OF SUMMER.

We are never satisfied. When spring brings the crocus and the lily, and greens over the hedges, we long for the summer. When summer opens her roses and crowds the landscape with verdure, we dream of the glorious tints and temperate air of autumn, and when autumn has really come, we say "Ah, the summer is gone, the year is dying, and we shall die too, some day." And then we rely on winter with clear frosty nights and beautiful white snow, and red fires and comfortable hearths; and when winter brings us all this we grumble and paint "A Reminiscence of Summer."

THE BOY NAVIGATOR.

Our picture, one of a series we commenced some time ago, represents an incident in the boyhood of Sir Francis Drake, who afterwards became the famous navigator. Coming events cast their shadows before.

DEATH OF MASTER M'GRATH.

THE excitement produced by the sudden death of Lord Lurgan's celebrated greyhound is very great, and in order to satisfy the public whether foul play had been resorted to, an investigation took place on Tuesday evening at the Kennels, Brownlow House, Lurgan. It was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Haughton, of Dublin, Secretary of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, and Mr. Bray, V.S., of Lurgan. They first received a statement regarding the symptoms the animal exhibited from Friday, when it was first noticed that he was ill, and after describing the medicines which were administered, all of which were proper prescriptions for a dog under the circumstances, they stated that there was no reason to believe that other medicines had been used besides those mentioned by Walsh, the trainer. Both gentlemen then made *post-mortem* examinations, when it was found that the cause of death was tubercle and pneumonia affecting both lungs—the tubercle being of some standing, probably from one to two years. The immediate cause of death was double pneumonia affecting both lungs. In this diseased condition the heart was hypertrophied, being double the size of a dog of Master M'Grath's weight. A sculptor took a cast of the dog on Tuesday evening.

(From the *Sporting Life.*)

A great misfortune has fallen upon Lord Lurgan and the lovers of a good greyhound. Master M'Grath is dead. This wonderful dog, who had made himself famous all over the world, died on Sunday night from cramp, at Lord Lurgan's kennels, Brownlow House, Lurgan, Ireland. No positive information has been received beyond the immediate cause of his death, but the dog is believed to have suffered internally only a day or so before; in fact, so well was the crack that Lord Lurgan intended to run him again in the coming Waterloo Cup, and the short price to which the nomination has come showed how confident were his friends in his ability to win the "blue riband of the leash" for the fourth time, and in his fifth season.

Master M'Grath was a son of Dervoc (by St. Clair out of Erin) out of Lady Sarah (a bitch the property of Mr. James Galway), by the celebrated David out of Lady Watford, by Larriston. He was named after an orphan boy who reared him, and was two years old when he commenced running for his first Waterloo Cup in 1868. He was a small dog, nearly black, with the exception of a white mark on his neck, and a few white ticks on his back. He weighed when in running condition from 56lb. to 57lb.; his pace was terrific, and his killing powers were almost as remarkable. As is now well known, he won three Waterloo Cups in four years—1868, 1869, and 1871, being put out in his first course in 1870 by Lady Lyons. This was the only time he suffered defeat. Lord Lurgan was most dissatisfied, and changed his trainer, with a result familiar to all coursing men, although we believe there was really no ground for supposing that the crack had been "got at." Master M'Grath ran twice previously to the Waterloo Cup of 1868, which first brought him into such prominent notice. His first public appearance was in the autumn of 1867, at Lurgan, where, after only being about a week in training, he won the Visitors' Cup of thirty-two runners; and at Creagh shortly afterwards he divided the Money Glass Purse with his kennel-companion Master Nathaniel. In his first essay over the Altcar Meadows he showed that he could go so fast that even if he fell (which he actually did in his trial with Kalista) he could pick himself up again, race past, and kill. This year he met the celebrated Brigade in the fourth round (third ties), and then he came against Lobelia, the winner in 1867, and outpaced her in a similar way, winning the final course decisively from Mr. Lister's gigantic Cock Robin. In the following autumn he appeared in the Brownlow Cup at Lurgan, which he divided with Mr. Stocker's Sir William. In 1869 he achieved his second victory in the Waterloo Cup—this time beating Bab at the Bowster, whose party were remarkably sanguine; but he showed the same pace and resolution, and carried all before him, although he was nearly put out by Charming May in the second ties, for the crack fell twice, and Charming May killed too soon to wipe out the run-up and early points. In the opinion of our coursing reporter, this was the best-contested course he ever ran at Altcar. He did not run again until the Waterloo Cup of 1870, when, it will be recollected, his backers went mad about him, and took less than 4 to 1 that he won outright. He was, however, put out in his first course by Mr. Trevor's Lady Lyons, who ran in Colonel Goodlake's nomination, and the sensation created when the crack was "never in it" will not soon be forgotten; but his victrix was ultimately beaten after two undecideds with Bendimere, the runner-up to Sea Cove. This was a most unlucky year for Master M'Grath, as after his trial with Lady Lyons, and before the dogs could be picked up (the concluding portion of the course being behind a bank), another hare started up, and Lady Lyons, going off in pursuit, ran herself almost to a standstill. "M'Grath," on the other hand, slipped down the bank of the ditch, and the thin ice giving way to his weight, he would probably have been drowned but for an enthusiastic Irishman, who leaped into the middle of the water, and going up to his neck, broke the ice with a stick, and rescued the defeated crack—not, however, until he was quite exhausted and prostrate. After this defeat Lord Lurgan withdrew him from the Waterloo Purse, and expressed his intention of sending the dog to the stud, but he ran him once more, in the autumn, in the Brownlow Cup at Lurgan, and as he won, and defeated Fritz (runner-up) and Smuggler (who had won the Douglas Cup at the Scottish National), while in the stake were Sea Cove, Bendimere, and others, Lord Lurgan determined to keep him for the "Waterloo" of 1871, by his victory in which he eclipsed Cerito's feat in 1850-2-3, when the Cup was only a thirty-two dog stake. On the last occasion Mr. Punchard's Pretender was the runner-up at the finish, and although this dog (who came with his Newmarket honours thick upon him) had led and beaten everything he had previously met in the stake, "M'Grath," amid a scene of wild excitement, settled his opponent decisively with a run-up and a kill, thus showing what a wonder he was. It should, however, be mentioned that this was about the tightest fit for pace he ever had. For about sixty yards from the slips it was almost impossible to see which was leading, the "black" or the "fawn;" but a desperately weak hare bending slightly to him, the "black" immediately killed, and put an abrupt termination to what was considered a very bad trial. He did not appear in public again after this, and although his puppies are running this season, he would undoubtedly have again represented Lord Lurgan in the coming Waterloo Cup. His noble owner was at Windsor Castle, in his official capacity of Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, when he learnt that his favourite was dead. It is a singular fact that only a month since it was rumoured during the Newmarket Champion Meeting that Master M'Grath had died, but the *canard* was silenced by one of his influential supporters offering to take 900 to 100, "dead or alive," that he won the Waterloo Cup of 1872. As is now well known, the latest price about Lord Lurgan's nomination was 7 to 1; and, much as we sympathise with Lord Lurgan, it may truly be said, when writing of the death of Master M'Grath, that it is an "ill wind which blows nobody any good," for the majority of the Waterloo nominators must feel more comfortable now that such a "demon" is out of the way.

THE MASSACRE OF STUDENTS IN HAVANNAH.

THE correspondent of the *New York Herald* in Havannah furnishes that journal with an account of the events which led to the recent summary execution of eight of the students attending the University there. He says:—"It is the custom of the medical students of the University, upon the days appointed by their teachers for that purpose, to repair to the public cemetery of this city, attached to which is a dead-house, where they practice autopsies and hear lectures from their professors. It appears that on the afternoon of the 22nd ult., the class of the first year of medicine, comprising some fifty young men, aged from sixteen to twenty years, belonging to the best and most wealthy families of this island, were at the cemetery. While there they commenced, like students all the world over, to skylark and cut up pranks, but unfortunately allowed some of their party to desecrate the tomb of Gonzalo Castanon, jealously considered by the Spaniards as a martyr to his country for having been shot, it will be remembered, in January, 1869, by some Cubans at Key West, also the grave of Major Ricardo Guzman was slightly tampered with. He lost his sword arm in the beginning of the insurrection in the famous crossing of the river Cauto by Valmeseda, and died afterwards, and is buried in the Havannah cemetery. The damage done to the graves of Castanon and Guzman consisted in breaking the glass cases which covered their niches, pulling down the wreaths of immortelles and other decorations of the graves. The chaplain of the cemetery endeavoured to remonstrate with them, but without avail. It was even said that they insulted the chaplain and stoned him, but this has been denied by credible authority. Next day the class again attended the cemetery, it is said, for the purpose of committing other excesses. I have it from reliable authority that the real damage done to the graves mentioned consisted in carrying off the wreaths of immortelles and replacing others in mockery thereof composed of garlic. They were all arrested by guards stationed in the cemetery. Unfortunately, on Sunday afternoon a grand parade was held in honour of the Acting Captain General—the newly-appointed Segundo Cabo General Romualdo Crespo—at which over ten thousand volunteers passed in review. The review was over before seven; but during the remainder of the evening groups of excited volunteers assembled in fifties and hundreds, marching through the streets, shouting and yelling like so many wild beasts, 'Death to traitors!' 'Kill the students!' &c. Thousands assembled in front of the palace and repeated their demands, while the vicinity of the gaol in which the students were confined was packed by crowds of the volunteers shouting for their blood, and fears of a general attack upon the gaol were entertained. At half-past ten bugles of the different battalions of volunteers could be heard all over the city sounding the call of a general assembly; the streets were filled by volunteers, who hurried to and fro; shots were fired indiscriminately for the purpose of trying or cleaning their muskets. By midnight nearly twelve thousand volunteers were under arms, and the scenes of June, 1869, which compelled the abdication of General Dulce, were repeated, and which this time answered to their demands in granting them an instant drumhead court-martial. General Crespo attempted to stave off the matter at first. 'Now, now!' was the bloody shout, and the Captain General was obliged to give in to the rulers of this unfortunate land. The scenes in and around the Plaza de Armes, in front of the palace, were terrifying. Excited and half-drunken volunteers were shouting and yelling, some standing on pillars haranguing the crowd, others shouting and keeping up a fearful excitement. The court-martial was composed of six captains of the regular army, and one from each battalion of volunteers elected by the men, the whole presided over by a colonel. One of the officers attempted to leave the hall where the court was held before the decision was pronounced, but was driven back with curses by the volunteers, and told that no one should stir outside the building until the youths were found guilty and condemned to death. The court-martial was in session until two o'clock on the 27th, when the council marched from the gaol to the Captain General's palace, escorted by numbers of volunteers. There the sentence was read from the balcony to the crowd. Eight to be shot, eleven to serve six years in the chain gang, nineteen to four years in the same, four to six months' imprisonment, and only two released. The Captain General immediately approved the sentences, and orders were given for the immediate execution of death upon the first eight. The execution took place between four and five at the Punta, near which the gaol is situated. Thousands were assembled to witness this slaughter, and it passed off quietly enough. The boys met their deaths bravely and calmly. It is related that at the court-martial they behaved with spirit and calmness. The chaplain of the cemetery, in his declaration at the court-martial, said that the boys had done nothing to merit such severe proceedings; that what they had done resembled all boyish freaks, and asked their pardon; but his worthy magnanimity has since been rewarded by removal from his office. The parents and relatives of several of the boys were willing to sacrifice large sums of money for their lives. It is said that the father of La Campa offered one million without avail. No time was given to the unfortunates to make any preparations for the cruel fate that awaited them; they could not write a last line to their relatives, were not allowed to leave their watches and trinkets to their parents and friends. During the day some six or eight persons were shot by some of the volunteers, who scoured the streets. Intense excitement reigned all day, the pressure of the volunteers exercised over the established authorities of this island being the topic of conversation among all law-abiding and peaceful citizens."

THE Prussian correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Berlin, December 16th, says:—The peace of Europe, to a certain extent, will depend upon the acceptance or rejection by the French Legislative Assembly of the military proposals of M. Thiers. If the French army should be all but doubled, the cry for revenge will be difficult to allay; if, on the other hand, the money to be devoted to the troops were to be applied to the improvement of the schools, it might be hoped that the real interests of the country would be more generally appreciated by the inhabitants, and the baneful influence of the priests, who did so much to kindle war, proportionately diminished. As, however, the latter alternative has by this time become the less probable, it is only natural for politicians in this country to prepare for fresh surprises, and calculate the chances of another conflict before the results of the last encounter have been fairly reaped. Painful as it is to avow this truth, it is no good to keep it back.

SALT LAKE despatches of Tuesday report the President's Message received and published by all the papers there on that day. The Mormon journals were silent about it, while the portion relating to Utah was "heartily approved by the Gentiles." Brigham Young was reported at St. George, near the Arizona line, on Friday. A delegation of Mormons left for Washington on Sunday, to "secure legislation to protect the polygamous tenets of their religion." A polygamous marriage was reported to have taken place in Salt Lake city on Tuesday.—*Philadelphia Ledger*, Dec. 7.

SEVERAL French journals repeat the statement that vessels are constantly watching the Channel in anticipation of the ex-Emperor's landing from Jersey.

THE jewels belonging to the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre were concealed during the Commune in a small room, carefully walled up, on the second storey of the building erected by Francois I. over the Salle Henry II. and the Salon des Sept Cheminées. The work had been so skilfully executed that the insurgents, during their two months' occupation of the palace, must have passed before it a thousand times without suspecting that this treasure of jewellery, rock crystal, enamels, &c., estimated at fifty millions of francs, was so near them. The credit of this success is due to Count Clément de Ris, conservator, and to the *employés* of the museum, who were several times on the point of being shot for refusing to disclose the place of concealment.

Herapath hears that negotiations for the purchase of the Great Luxembourg Railway are pending between the company and the Belgian Government.

THE *Civil Service Gazette* understands that a new mode of keeping ships' accounts is about to be adopted by the Admiralty. It is not expected, however, that this change will be followed by any reduction of the clerical staff.

THE revenue returns for Austria for the current year will show a surplus of twenty-one millions, instead of the deficit which was anticipated. No financial operation will therefore be necessary, either this year or next.

THE Lambeth Vestry has resolved to indict the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company for a nuisance, in allowing the rain water to percolate through the bridges which cross the streets.

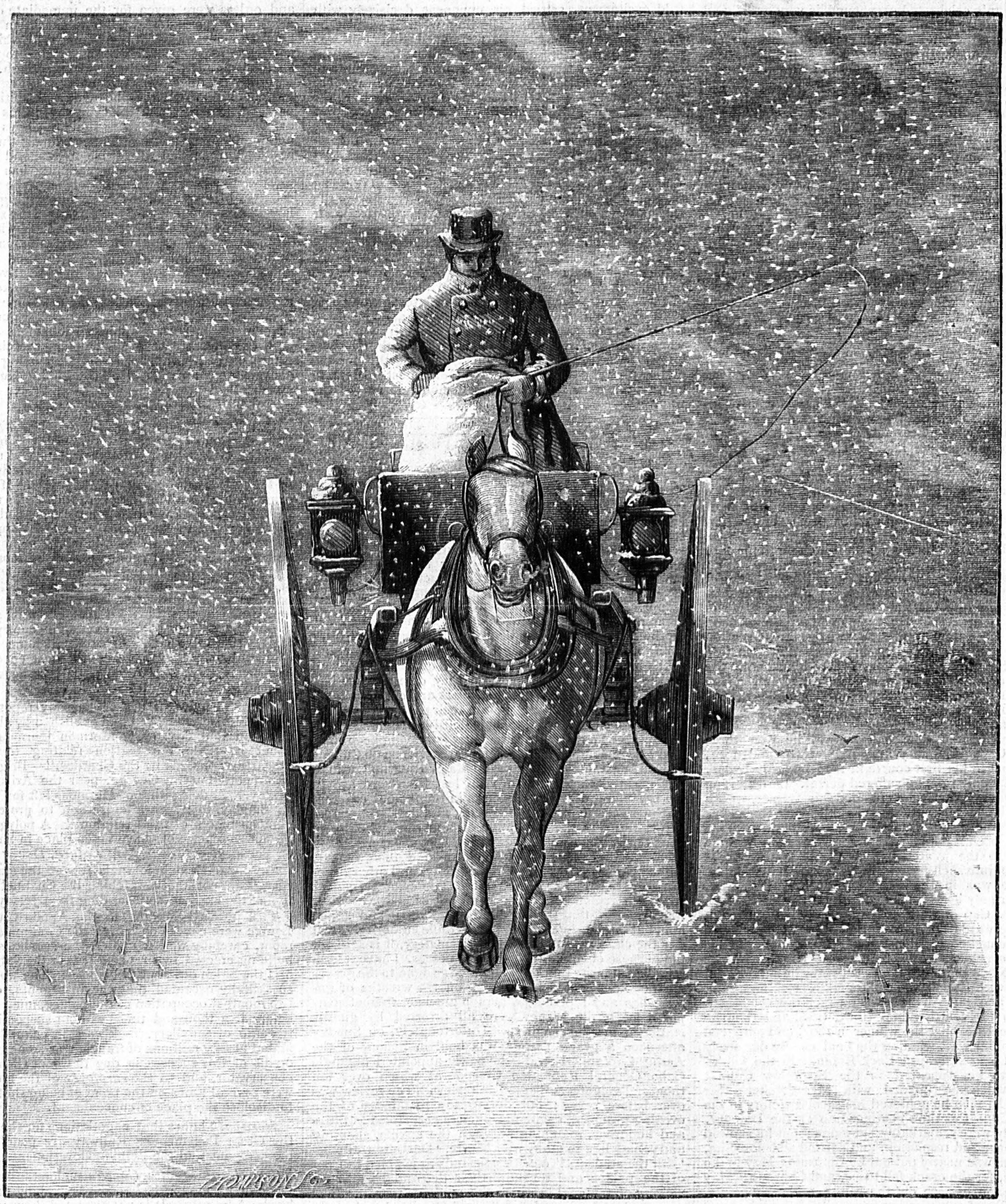
THE *Globe* says that Mr. T. S. Aldis, formerly scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge (second wrangler in 1866), is to be an inspector of schools.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
506] "To Perry Davis & Son, London."

MR. BAINES, M.P., ON THE EDUCATION ACT.

COMMENTING on Mr. Baines's speech to the Bramley deputation, the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* says :—Bramley asks for a new school on the ground that the Nonconformist members of the population greatly preponderate, and the inspector reports against the necessity for additional school accommodation on the ground that what already exists in connection with the Church and the Wesleyans is sufficient. The men of Bramley do not lay much stress on the cubic content of the buildings already erected, but they urge the utter absence from the village of a school that is "suitable" in respect of the religious scruples of a large majority of the inhabitants. This is a point of practical, immediate, and universal interest. If "suitableness" is to be pronounced without any reference to the convictions, principles, and feelings of the parents of a district, it is easy to understand the unparalleled exertions of the two Episcopal Churches to take advantage of Mr. Forster's days of grace for securing building grants from the national exchequer; for by so doing they have in a large number of instances positively blocked out the Nonconformists from getting rate-built schools, and consequently rendered compulsory attendance either impracticable or tyrannical; and in case of attendance remaining optional have shut up the nonconforming population to the alternative of denominational schools or none at all. It is also easy to see how matters will work in Ireland, when denominationalism obtains that predominance which in pure justice cannot be withheld. In the greater number of school districts there will be only Roman Catholic schools, and wherever the area, cubic content, and geographical relation to the district are "suitable," consistency will require that no additional accommodation be provided, and then will present itself the alternative already observed upon, attendance at a Roman Catholic school—voluntary in a sense, or compulsory, with the protection of a conscience clause—and the continued ignorance of the non-Catholic poor. The definition of the word "suitable" arrived at in the case of Bramley cannot be twisted to meet exceptional cases; and the action of the Department in this instance powerfully illustrates the *animus* with which the new Act is being administered, as well as the clumsy injustice of the Act itself. But we have dwelt upon it principally because it appears to us that it is exactly the sort of case to determine Mr. Baines and many men like-minded with himself to that dignified attitude of resistance which it is so desirable that Nonconformists should exhibit in their efforts to procure redress at the hands of Parliament before the mischievous legislation of 1870 has become irremediable except by such extreme measures as must indefinitely postpone the great work of national education. If anything were required to exalt the personal character of Mr. Baines, against which reproach has never come, it would be found in the candour he has occasionally exhibited, and now more conspicuously than ever, in the acknowledgment of mistakes—committed in all good faith, but none the less mistakes. He is now fairly aroused from the benignant tranquillity into which he allowed himself to be lulled by the affectation of fairness which characterised Mr. Forster's too celebrated Education Act, and which was so artful that for a short breathing-space it paralysed the mistrust, if it did not deceive the judgment, of the wariest politicians of the age. And now that he is fairly awake to the more palpable injustice of the bungling Bill, it is almost certain that his old keenness will be revived, and his attitude will be more and more pronounced as he enters into the several grievances which are now being strenuously urged by more advanced Nonconformists against the measure for which Mr. Forster stood sponsor, and of which, not unnaturally, he has constituted himself the unyielding defender. If this should fortunately prove to be the case, those more pacifically-minded Dissenters who very properly regard Mr. Baines as their leader will be found rallying to the banner of the League; and the whole force of Nonconformity will be arrayed in consolidated phalanx to resist the new scheme for endowing religious teaching; and it is by no means improbable that this phalanx once fully equipped and once fairly afield will refuse to be disbanded until the stronghold of their pertinacious enemies has been levelled with the dust.

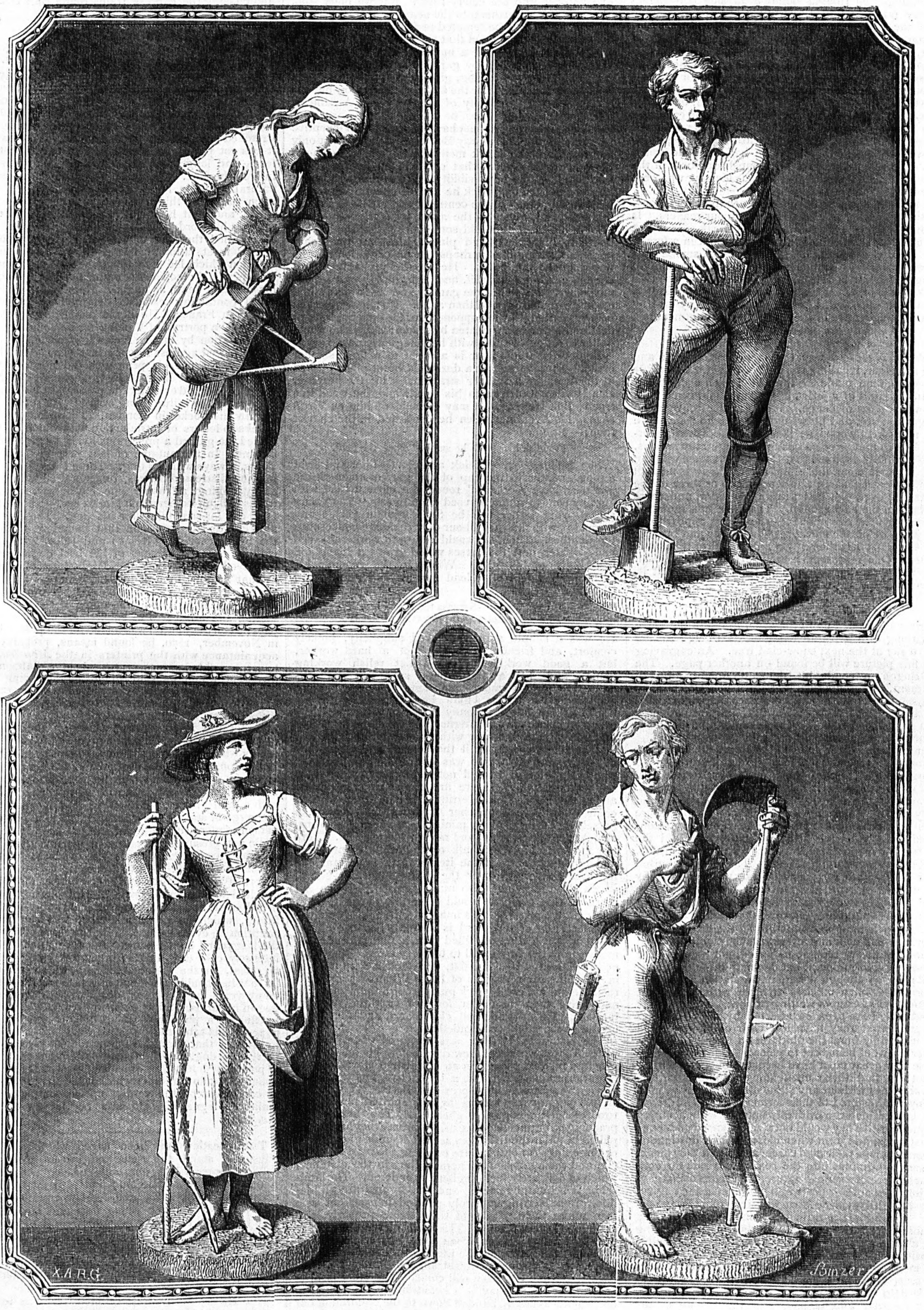
A MARBLE statue to the memory of the late Lord Farnham has been unveiled at Cavan. The late Lord Farnham was one of those who met their deaths in the melancholy railway accident at Abergele, in August 1868; and shortly after that occurrence the tenantry on the estate, by whom the deceased was greatly esteemed, held a meeting, and resolved to erect a statue to his memory. The statue, which is the work of Mr. Lynn, a Belfast sculptor, is highly spoken of.



THE MAIL CART IN A SNOWSTORM. (From a Picture by the Late Ben Herring.)

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that a portion of the Chamber and some of the members of the Government are greatly irritated at the course taken by the Duc de Broglie during the sitting devoted to the interpellation respecting M. Ranc, but the report of his recall is destitute of foundation. The Commission for the Revision of Military Grades has confirmed the Duc de Chartres in his rank as *Chef d'Escadron*. The discussion concerning the removal of the Chamber to Paris will not arise until about the 15th of January. The President is very much occupied with the financial question, and proposes to speak, should an opportunity occur, upon the discussion relative to the taxes.

THE ceiling of the New Opera House at Paris will be made of copper, consisting of a multitude of plates screwed together, and capable of being at any time disjointed. This roofing will be movable, so that the height of the theatre may be regulated at pleasure.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BEN HERRING'S STUDIO.

WHEN we write the name Herring crowds of horses come prancing before our mind's eye: steeplechasers sweeping over ditch and fence—Newmarket cracks with the "silks and satins" glinting in the sun—splendid stallions being led to the fair—strong country horses with sleepy looks pulling waggons through green lanes, or drinking from troughs before a wayside inn—horses of every make and in all positions; in the stable and out of the stable, browsing, drinking, standing, lying. The name Herring was made famous in art by Ben's father, who as a painter of horses has had but one rival—his son. We will not compare the Herrings with Landseer, who, although he surpasses both for animals in general, does not equal either as a painter of horses. Nor will we place the father before the son, or the son before the father. Let it suffice that Ben was an exception to the rule, that the son of a great man does not inherit the genius of his sire. Up to his death Ben Herring had improved every month, and if he had lived he would probably have outdistanced all competitors, both of the past and present, including the famous Herring who went before him.

We will not, however, devote our lines to comparisons, or to the criticising of works familiar to our readers. It is of Ben Herring's Studio we wish to speak. It is not to be found in Fleet Street or the Strand, but in a forest, where London din is not heard and London smoke does not penetrate. It stands on the Chingford side of Epping Forest, with fine old trees stretching for miles on either side of it. It is a wooden building standing in a garden at the back of a pleasant and cosy-looking little villa, suggestive of simplicity and contentment:

> A country cottage near a crystal flood,
> A winding valley and a lofty wood.

Looking Woodford way the landscape is rich and bright in colour, recalling the old truth that "God made the country, man made the town." It is a small house that, in the sight of a jaded city, man would come upon as a sweet dream of peace. We enter the front garden by a green gate, and before us is the studio door. We enter, and directly opposite is a large unfinished painting of horses and grooms coming straight towards us, and so truthfully depicted that the animals seem walking out of the wall from the other side. Below is a small sketch of steeplechasers at a fence: two or three of the runners are over, one has thrown his rider, and there are others in the background. The work has the same peculiarity as the one above it—the horses appear to be really jumping off the canvas. The paints and brushes lie as the artist left them. On an easel are two small sketches. One represents a mail cart in a snow storm. It will make the spectator almost shiver to look at it, bringing to mind Keats's lines:—

> Oh, bitter chill it was;
> The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.

The driver is muffled up to the eyebrows, and the horse comes along with a frightened gait, as though it were going to shy at the next snow-clad tree. An engraving of this fine picture will be found on another page. The other sketch, a comic bit, done, no doubt, for self-amusement, represents two sportsmen in a wood. The dog is supposed to have made a point. A gun is raised ready to send out a death-warrant, but instead of a bird, a pig pokes its head out from under a bush, and is the cause of disappointment and much consternation.

Running round three sides of the studio at about four feet from the ground is a miniature railway on broad shelving, with sidings, signals, crossings, a model of Woodford Station, and about twenty passenger trains. The carriages, two inches high, are all carefully and cleverly put together, and the engines and tenders are models of mechanism. This line of railway was constructed entirely by the artist. He not only laid the lines, but he made them, together with station, trains, and all things appertaining thereto. The railway amused him for hours. The engines were not pushed along by hand: they were worked by fishing reels fixed at the termini. A Government train would be started and sent at proper speed until brought to a standstill by a danger signal. It would then be shunted to let the express pass, and perhaps half a minute afterwards the fast train would rush along at a very dangerous speed, not stopping for either signal or signalman, but dashing through Woodford Station as though it were not a station at all, and making the wooden officials tremble with its violent oscillation. Passengers waiting at that station quietly and patiently have been so affected by the passing of the express that they have lost their equilibrium, and rolled insensibly from the platform on to the line at the imminent peril of being cut to pieces. Our readers may imagine how great must have been the shock when we assure them that these unoffending people have lain across the lines without any signs of life whatever, until taken up and restored to their former safety. The drivers of the fast trains were evidently imbued with a strong go-ahead spirit. They would not slacken speed under any circumstances, and even when close to their destination they would pursue their mad career as though they meant to knock the terminus into the sea. As a rule the consequences were of a serious nature, the drivers sometimes being jolted from their posts and hurled over the engine. (There are still evidences on this line of railway of a fearful catastrophe: a train lies smashed to pieces on the embankment, the engine driver's heels are sticking out of a broken funnel, and the stoker lies quietly on his back with a piece taken out of his stomach.) In the meantime the "government" would make another start and proceed like a well-conducted train, calling at Woodford to take up passengers, and completing its journey properly and without mishap. Some of the accidents on this line of railway have been traced beyond doubt to culpable negligence. Signalmen have been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to years of penal servitude. In other cases commissions of inquiry have been appointed and from that time nothing more has been heard of the accident. Just before his death the artist was contemplating a grand extension of his railway. He purposed carrying it from one side of his studio all round the back garden, and in again at the other side of the studio. What a company would then have been formed! What fairy expresses would have run amongst the giant gooseberry bushes with the great balls of fruit hanging fearfully over the tiny passengers! What glorious accidents the artist could have plotted, that by some neat contrivance should bring the doomed train to ruin and send the carriages toppling over one another into the celery ruck! But we must stop. We will not run further into the beauties of this splendid project, or we may be tempted to construct a line on our own account. It is good that we should all be children sometimes. We admire a man who can now and then take delight in schoolboy games. It denotes a healthy mind, and, to our thinking, gives a kind of certificate of past good life. It is not the taste of a bad man, but the kind and loving simplicity of a good one. A game at top, or marbles, or horses, or railway engines, is a continual reminiscence of past happy days, and an incentive to work. With his railway Ben Herring killed not only unfortunate Noah's Ark men and women, but some of those heavy half-hours that come in all lives, when to work is almost an impossibility. We say *some*, because this was not the only trick he had of cheating time and his own dulness. In the centre of the studio is a small billiard board, given to the artist by a friend. When tired of his easel he would sometimes prefer the billiard board to his trains, and play against an imaginary opponent, giving him perhaps ten on condition that he would break the balls. He would probably play a cannon game for himself, and a hazard game for his adversary. He won some games, and lost others; and disputes would now and then arise. He might object to being "potted" by his opponent, or the opponent might declare he was being beaten by flukes; and so he would palter in a double sense with his imaginary adversary.

Behind the studio door is a sight to make a smoker smile. There are about a dozen old burnt pipes pushed at the back of a leather strap made for the purpose. Ben Herring was true to his weed, and the weed was true to Ben Herring. It may be said of him as Virgil says of his Aventinus when he contested in the chariot race:—

> Proud of his steeds he smoked along the field.

When the ideas came thick and cloudy he would light a pipe, saunter to the top of the garden amongst the potatoes, have a "lark" round the currant trees with his tiny son (to whom he used often to say "You young rascal, your father will be Sir Benjamin yet)," and coincide with his neighbour over the edge concerning the weather. Then he would return to work refreshed and brighter, and the horses would grow gradually and beautifully at his will. When in the humour his enthusiasm would often lead him beyond nature, and he would

> —Surpass the life
> In limning out a well-proportioned steed.

He was a simple man and loved simplicity, homely comfort, and friends. He was not a hard worker, but a good worker. He did not relish working alone, and hence the hours spent at billiards and railway schemes. So long as there were acquaintances at his elbow he could keep to his brushes. He has lost many a day in this way; if he expected visitors in the afternoon he would be impatient and uneasy in the morning with pleasurable anticipation, and unable to work until they came, and when they did come work of course was out of the question, and when they left him he did not feel in the humour to do any more that day. There are more things in heaven and earth and Ben Herring's studio than we can enumerate. We remember bird-cages, a canoe, a horse's head in plaster, miniature hunters, stirrups, sketches, fishing tackle, and many little trinkets. There are memorandums in chalk on the walls of promises and appointments. If the item was an important one it would be written over the billiard marking-board, which, by the by, he also made himself. When set down in this place he would be certain to see it, while scoring for himself and his imaginary friend. Near the model station of Woodford is a small box containing about a dozen drawers, filled with a fine collection of moths, from the very small to the very large. They were nearly all reared by the artist, who took a deep interest in watching their courses of life. When he "nailed" them he did not coolly stick pins through their stomachs and leave them to flutter for two or three days in torment. He administered chloroform, and they gave up the ghost quickly and quietly.

The last work Herring was engaged upon, and at which he was working a few days before his death, is a splendid picture, though in an unfinished state. There is not much colouring, but it is effective, and the drawing is an improvement on previous efforts. It represents an old stage-coach drawn by four spirited horses, the two foremost being rich chesnuts. The horses are prancing on an ancient stone bridge, where they have been pulled in to let the travellers see the hounds pass. Two or three dogs (in outline) are crossing the road after the fox, and the huntsmen are approaching in the distance, which is delicately and excellently rendered. The landscape is beautifully put in, and the figures are all life-like. Ben Herring not only painted horses, but real men across them, who held their steeds properly, and sat upon them naturally. This piece closed the curtain over his labours. Then came the "last scene of all" that ends the history in the life of every man—he died! Days are as pages in the strange book of our earthly career, and the last page will come. The story is brief sometimes, and it may be a beautiful story, and one to be remembered, and handed down to the children of our children. At the close of the printer's book is "The End"—the finale of Nature's book is "The Grave," whither, as the preacher saith, we are all journeying. It was not that "weak age had dimmed his candle-light." He died a young man, leaving behind him a young wife and young children. Died with the last game at billiards half scored, and the express train thrown off the line. Died when his name was just buzzing in men's ears. Died with success at his elbow, and perfection sitting at the end of his brushes!

* * * * *

We commenced our article by saying that to write the name of Herring crowds our imagination with horses. Yes, it is so; but in future they will be presented to our mind's eye, not running across country, but galloping about the billiard-board, jumping over the cues and balls, and chasing the express trains round BEN HERRING'S STUDIO.

G. R.

STRANGE SUICIDE IN PARIS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* writes as follows:—An unfortunate child of genius, Monsieur T. C. Regnault, well known as the inventor of a new method of engraving on steel, has relieved himself from the sorrows of this world by committing suicide in a wretched garret in the Place Louvois. Poor as he was, it was not poverty which drove him to self-destruction, for he had long been accustomed to look misery cheerfully in the face. He had a favourite dog, who died a natural death in his arms on Saturday last. He had often said that this dog, named Cherie, was his only friend, and that he would never survive it. He was as good as his word. This is no newspaper fable. I have ascertained the truth of the sad story from poor Regnault's most intimate friend (it was a misanthropic delusion which led him to say he had no friends), and from personal recollection of him I can quite understand his courting death as he did. Regnault brought out a serial containing exquisite engravings of historical women in France. He made an encouraging sum of money by a portrait of Victor Noir immediately after his assassination by Prince Pierre Bonaparte. When war was declared against Prussia last year he left Paris for England because his principles did not allow him to shed blood, and he refused to serve in the National Guard. He paid extra for the passage of his dog, a very big one, in the railway, and arrived with scarcely a shilling in his pocket in London. There for a short time, thanks to letters of introduction with which he was furnished, he gained a precarious living by giving drawing lessons. In the autumn of last year he turned up at Tours, always with his dog. There I saw him. Knowing how distressed he was, I encouraged him to drop in at my lodgings at supper time, but he was so proud that it was difficult to persuade him to eat. He would, however, ask for something for his dog. The dog was fat and he was lean—so lean that he might have played the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet" without any making up. Specimens of his best engravings were displayed in a shop of the High-street of Tours, but at that anxious time there was no market for any such wares. His only means of subsistence were two francs a day, which he got in the office of the *Moniteur* for writing the addresses of subscribers on little strips of paper when the journal was folded for the post. One day in November, 1870, he found means, probably by his acquaintance with the printers in the *Moniteur* office, to issue a flaming prospectus about a balloon of his invention, which he said would be the saving of the country, because it would carry into Paris over the heads of the Prussian besiegers sixty bullocks at a time. The ratiocination by which he sought to prove the practicability of the invention was evidently the work of a disordered brain. He sent a proof of the prospectus to a lady who had been of some use to him by introductions in London, and said he desired to have her name at the head of a subscription which he was sure would become universal. This lady, not wishing to connect her name with a mad project, but knowing that Regnault was on the verge of starvation, recommended him to get some person of more scientific authority to head his list, and while not presuming to patronise his invention, begged to offer five francs towards the expenses of printing. Regnault returned the five francs in a bitterly-worded letter, saying that after this check he was disheartened, and had no hope in his project. Nothing more was ever heard of it, and I believe that charitably offered five francs, which he would not take, was the only subscription he ever received. What became of him during the last year I do not know. But during one of the most intensely cold days of this prematurely cold winter his dog died. In the wretched lodging, which it is wonderful that he should have found means to pay the rent of for many years, he was found dead, with the corpse of his dog in his arms. Stiffly clasped between his thumb and forefinger, a phial containing arsenic was found. A paper on his table recapitulated what he had before said to friends, that he had long made up his mind not to survive his dog. Another paper stated that the first dose of poison he had taken was insufficient, but that he was about to swallow another which could not fail. *Felo de se* can never be the verdict upon poor philanthropic, amiable Regnault. He was beyond all doubt *non compos*.

THE question has been asked whether girls can physically stand the sustained labour of a regular college course. The question is being solved at the Ladies' College at Hitchin; and Mrs. Stanton at all events thinks that they can, for she says:—"I would like you to take 1,300 young men and lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds' weight of clothes on their waists, perch them up on three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats and mice, and stick ten thousand hairpins into their scalps; if they can stand all this, they will stand a little Latin and Greek."

RED HEART RUM.—This celebrated spirit is really old, genuine, and free from the noxious adulterations practised upon rum. *Vide medical and other reports*:—"The best and oldest rum yet known." Price 42s. per case. J. G. Turney, 61, King William Street, City. Red Heart Rum. RUM (*vide Medical Press*).—"Many people who find rum disagree with them will be surprised, if they try this, to observe it has none of the objectionable qualities they attach to rum; time has sufficed to remove them." Price 42s. per case. J. G. Turney, 61, King William Street, City. [554

A HUMAN TIGER.

A TRIAL commenced on Wednesday in the Assize Court of the Pas de Calais which excites great interest in that part of France. The scene of the events which form the subject of inquiry is Andresselles, a small village on the coast, about five miles from Cape Grisnez, ten from Boulogne-sur-Mer, and immediately opposite to Dover. The *acte d'accusation* sets forth in great detail all the facts connected with the charges made against the accused, Joseph Lemettre, and from that document the following summary is extracted:—

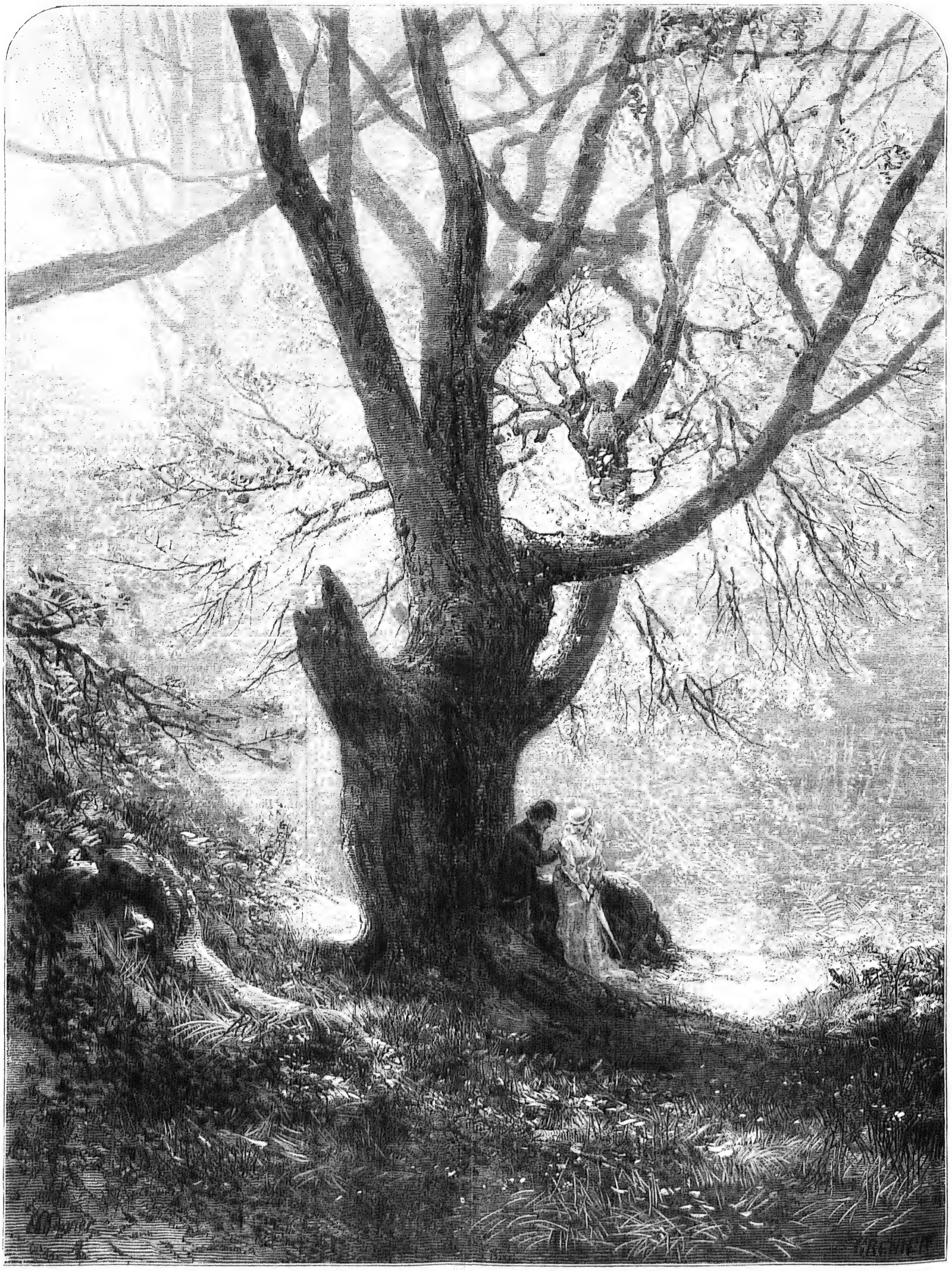
The small farmhouse of Selles, situate near the village of Andresselles, was in October, 1864, inhabited by the Sieur Dely, who had in his service a young man named Joseph Lemettre, then aged 18, who, by his quiet conduct and regular habits, had acquired the confidence of his employer. On the 16th of October, 1864, three small stacks of beans were found to be on fire, and were totally consumed, the loss falling upon their owners, Baillard, Delattre, and Lucien Cuigny. Incendiarism was suspected, but no proof could be obtained. A few nights later, on the 25th of October, a house and shed belonging to the widow Lisse, *née* Cuigny, was burnt to the ground. The same suspicions were excited, and the same fruitless investigation followed. Upon the evening of the 6th of November, 1864, a fire broke out in a pigstye, which led to the entire destruction of the farm buildings belonging to a man named Tramery, in which had been deposited the crops of corn gathered by Dely. Upon this occasion Lemettre was questioned, and he declared that he had seen no one near the place; but as it was proved that he had himself been near the spot shortly before the fire broke out, grave suspicion fell upon him, and Tramery urged his nephew Dely to dismiss Lemettre, which the former declined to do, having complete confidence in his servant. Tramery then ceased to sleep at his farmhouse, which he fastened up at night, and nothing occurred to cause uneasiness until February, 1865, when it was found the house had been broken into and attempts made to set fire to it. In December, 1865, Dely died, and in May, 1867, his widow married a farm servant named Louis Sauvage, whose brother was married to a sister of Lemettre, and they continued to reside in the Selles farmhouse. Among the men employed there was one Louis de Guines, who had accumulated a sum of 620f., which he deposited in a trunk in a loft. On the 15th of September, 1867, this trunk was found open, and the money abstracted. Shortly afterwards the Sauvages left Selles and went to reside at Ouvringhem, a hamlet a short distance from Andresselles, taking Lemettre with them. Almost immediately a series of extraordinary occurrences caused the greatest alarm. Shots were fired at Sauvage, his child, and, as he himself alleged, at Lemettre, but no wounds were inflicted. A box full of powder was found placed against the wall of the house, apparently intended to produce its destruction. Lemettre now admits that he fired the shots and placed the box of powder, and says that his motive was to frighten his employers, and to induce them to leave Ouvringhem. His complicity was not suspected at the time, but on the 1st of December, 1868, an event of a more tragical character occurred. Upon that day a brewer's carman, named Phillipe Preuvost, aged nineteen, had been to Andresselles with a cartload of beer, and during the day collected various small sums due to his employer. It being a *fête* day in the village Preuvost met many acquaintances, with whom he drank, and on starting to return to Ronville he was slightly tipsy. Seated in the front of the car, he was dozing, when, upon arriving near a hamlet called Rouville, he was suddenly dragged from the cart and thrust into a dry ditch by the side of the road. While thus unprepared and half stunned, his assailant, lifting up Preuvost's leather apron, inflicted upon him an outrage, causing such horrible agony that he fainted. Upon recovering consciousness he found himself weltering in blood and his money gone. He crawled to a house in the village, where he remained for many weeks, the injuries inflicted being severe and permanent. The fact that the assailant had not spoken a word during the perpetration of his horrid attack led to a suspicion that he was some one with whom Preuvost had been drinking, and to whom he was personally known. No one, however, could be identified, and although Lemettre had been in Preuvost's company on that day, no suspicion fell upon him. A fortnight later another crime was perpetrated in the same neighbourhood—at Andresselles itself. A widow named Lambert lived alone at a farmhouse near the main street of Andresselles. One night, in December, 1868, she was awakened by a noise, and immediately after a low voice, which seemed familiar to her, demanded her money or her life. She declared that she had no money, and attempted to reach a cord connected with an alarm bell; but was prevented by the robber. She then rushed towards the door of the house, but was stopped by a bullet from the robber's pistol, which wounded her in the thigh. He then seized her, and, forcing her against the door, began stabbing her in various parts of the body, one wound causing the intestines to protrude. The victim, however, managed to escape from the house, and with difficulty dragged herself to a neighbour's. Assistance was procured, and a party of men went to Madame Lambert's house; but the assassin had escaped, taking with him a watch and some articles of jewellery. He had, however, failed to discover a sum of 1,200f. which Madame Lambert had shortly before received from an attorney at Marquise, which fact it was inferred had been known to the thief, and was the object of his search. Upon Christmas Eve the priest's house at Andresselles was broken into during the celebration of midnight mass, and some silver plate and church ornaments were stolen, besides a purse containing nearly 400f. in gold and silver. By a singular coincidence Joseph Lemettre pretended about the same time that he had been robbed of a sum of 1,800f., the result of his savings, but of which he had never before made mention to any one, and it is now evident that he could not have become possessed of that amount by honest means. In 1867 he drew an unlucky number in the conscription and became liable for service, to avoid which he borrowed 2,500f. from Sauvage to purchase his exemption. In January, 1869, Louis de Guines, who had been robbed in 1867, had again amassed a small hoard, which consisted of 400f. in coin and two certificates for 200f. Rentes, the whole of which he concealed in an old hat placed in a trunk in the loft. On the 7th of January this trunk was found open and the money gone. The certificates, however, were left. These he carried about with him for some time, but afterwards hid them in the paillasse of his bed in the loft, and on the 24th of January the paillasse was found ripped open and the certificates abstracted. It appeared plain that the robberies were perpetrated by some one living in or engaged about the house; but still no person was arrested. At the beginning of June in the same year Joseph Lemettre left the farm and took a small house in the main street in Andresselles. On June 28, the second day of the village fair, there was a considerable influx of visitors from the adjoining villages. Among them was Adolphe Cuigny, son of Lucien Cuigny, who, in 1864, had been the victim of two incendiary fires. Adolphe was a fine young man aged twenty-two, quiet and inoffensive, although somewhat given to intemperance, and endowed with herculean strength. Some persons who had left their cart at Lemettre's house went to fetch it at night, but for a long time could not obtain admission. At last Lemettre appeared at the door partly dressed, and explained the delay by stating that he had been asleep, and had not heard them knocking. About midnight a woman fell over the body of Adolphe Cuigny, which was lying in a narrow roadway leading from the main street, and close to the stable of Lemettre's house. The body, which was placed across the lane with the head close to the stable-door, was still warm, and upon examination it was found that Cuigny had been assaulted in the same horrible manner as the brewer Preuvost, and while insensible had been strangled. Robbery had evidently been the motive for this new crime, as a porte-monnaie containing a small sum, which Cuigny was known to possess, had been carried off. A *post mortem* examination proved the presence in the stomach of some red wine, a beverage of which Cuigny had not partaken at any of the cabarets he had visited during the day. A wine-shop keeper named Foucart and two of his sons were arrested upon suspicion of being concerned in the murder. Their innocence was, however, soon proved by another fearful catastrophe. A son, Eugene Foucart, who had been left in charge of the wine-shop, was found on the morning of October 29 dead in his bed. When discovered, the body was quite cold and bore the marks of nailed boots, as though the murderer had stamped upon his victim. Other marks proved that the same fearful brutality had been practised upon him as in the cases of Preuvost and Cuigny, and in this instance also strangulation had been applied to cause death. The assassin had also attempted to set fire to the place, as was shown by some partially consumed articles of bedding. Many articles of clothing had been stolen, but no money, as a sum of 870f. which had been in the house had been previously placed in the hands of a neighbour for safe custody. On the 22nd of November, 1869, a farmhouse in the same village was broken into and a considerable quantity of property stolen. Not long afterwards the village was alarmed by the report of another murder. One Felicien Malfoy, a farm servant, aged twenty-six, had several times been heard to say that he had something upon his mind, and that there was a band of robbers in the neighbourhood, and had even indicated one Beauvois. He, however, refused to give any clear explanation of his remarks, and no attention was paid to them. Early on the morning of the 22nd of February, 1870, Malfoy was to assist another man in cutting wood at Madame Lambert's farm, and on his way thither would have to pass the house of Jos. Lemettre. He, however, never made his appearance at the farm, and it was not until March 8th that his body was found in a well belonging to an unoccupied house. The body was enclosed in a couple of sacks sewn together, and it was abundantly clear that death had been caused by strangulation. The scene of outrage was then shifted from Andresselles to the neighbouring villages. Upon the 25th of August, 1870, the house of a man named Bally, at Pichovet, near Wimille, was broken into, and a comparatively large sum of money stolen. Suspicion fell upon one Deloffre, who was, however, immediately called away to serve in the Garde Mobile. Lemettre was not called upon to serve until October, on the 20th of which month he left with his battalion for Arras, having previously deposited in the hands of Madame Sauvage three bonds of the Crédit Foncier, which in April, 1871, became the subject of inquiry. Upon that occasion Lemettre declared that he had bought them of a man unknown at Boulogne, but learning that Bally had suspected Deloffre of robbing him, he insinuated that Deloffre was the man of whom he bought the bonds, which the latter denied. During the period of Lemettre's service with the army there was a cessation of the crimes which had caused such continual alarm at Andresselles and the vicinity, but soon after his return home in April robberies again became frequent. The house of a retired priest at Poterie, near Wimille, was broken into, and 2,000f. or 3,000f. in money stolen, besides rings and other valuables. The next of this prolonged series of crimes occurred on Sunday, the 14th of May last. Upon that day the Abbé Flour, curé of Maninghem, Wimille, left his house about eight o'clock in the morning to perform service in the church, and was followed shortly after by his servant. Upon their return home it was found that the house had been entered and property of considerable value stolen. Subsequent investigation proved that Joseph Lemettre had been seen in the village at an early hour, and had previously made inquiries respecting the habits of the priest and his servant. Again, on the 4th of June, upon returning after the celebration of vespers, the Abbé Caffier, of Bazinghen, found that his house had been entered and money to the extent of 1,000f. abstracted. Lemettre having been seen in the village on that day and about the time of the robbery, suspicion began to be excited, and his future movements were watched. On the 14th of June, Lemettre was married at Ambleteuse, where he celebrated the occasion in a somewhat grand style. On the 25th of June the return wedding feast was to be given, and at nine o'clock on that morning Lemettre arrived and put up his chaise at a cabaret. He then went out and was watched by one Noyelle, who suspected him of being concerned in some of the previous robberies in that neighbourhood. He was seen furtively to enter a narrow way leading to the garden of the curé's house, and presently was observed creeping under a hedge towards the back part of the premises. Noyelle immediately hastened to the church, recounted his observations, and obtained assistance. The house was surrounded, and Lemettre was arrested before he had been able to effect an entrance. Upon him and at his house were found many articles which formed portions of the property stolen upon some of the occasions mentioned above. The evidence being irresistible, Lemettre admitted his guilt in respect of those robberies. He also admitted that he had been concerned in the assassination of Foucart, but denied that he had attempted the life of Madame Lambert, or that he had assassinated Cuigny or Malfoy, or that he had committed the attack upon the brewer Preuvost. He is, however, now about to take his trial upon no less than twenty-seven charges, comprising murders, arson, highway robberies, and burglary, in support of which 104 witnesses have been summoned to give evidence.

THE following telegram has been addressed to all the Governors-General of vilaëts in Turkey:—"The funds for public aid established in the vilaëts were only created, it is superfluous to say, for the purpose of assisting the agricultural population in case of necessity. It has, however, come to the knowledge of the Imperial Government that these funds, instead of being applied to the uses for which they were intended, have become a sort of easy banks for the accommodation of the merchants and leading men of their respective localities, and, worse still, some of this money is understood to have been advanced at times to persons of very doubtful solvency. If all that is said on this subject be true, this state of things involves a grave responsibility upon those who are the cause of it. It must be put a stop to immediately. Help should be given to agriculturists who stand in need of it, and the accounts of those local funds, past and present, with accompanying vouchers, must be sent in with as little delay as possible to the Sublime Porte." A second telegram, of which the following is a copy, has also been issued:—"The imperial firman issued a short time since will have acquainted you with the formal orders of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan relative to the impartial administration of justice in every individual case and to the improvement of the conduct of the *naibs* (judges). Instructions in detail from the Sublime Porte have pointed out your right line of action, and you have since been frequently reminded by telegraph that the Imperial Government insists upon seeing the reforms decreed by the Sovereign carried out in practice. Nevertheless, to judge by the silence which reigns among the public of the provinces, nothing appears to have been done as yet to adequately justify the expectations of the Sublime Porte. The Government has not even been informed of the steps which the *naibs* (judges) have taken, in pursuance of these orders, to ensure an equitable administration of justice. If there be any functionaries who still imagine that the Government will rest contented with having given orders without troubling itself whether they are executed or not, and that they may evade the execution of them, as of old, by eluding the vigilance of the Porte, they are wofully mistaken; and public servants of the kind will speedily have to render a strict account of their conduct and incur the punishment which they deserve. I advise them, therefore, frankly not to make it necessary for me to reiterate these instructions for the third time."

In his twelfth number of "Fors Clavigera," Mr. Ruskin tells his working class readers that he has really made them the Christmas gift he promised—£7,000 Consols, in all, clear. "A fair tithe," he says, "of what I had; and to as much perpetuity as the law will allow me." He adds:—"It will not allow the dead to have their own way, long, whatever licence it grants the living in their humours; and this seems to me unkind to those helpless ones;—very certainly it is inexpedient for the survivors. For the wisest men are wise to the full in death; and if you would give them, instead of stately tombs, only so much honour as to do their will, when they themselves can no more contend for it, you would find it good memorial of them such as the best of them would desire, and full blessing to all men for all time." English law, he thinks, needs mending in many respects; in none more than this. As it stands, he can only vest his gift in trustees, desiring them, in the case of his death, immediately to appoint their own successors, and in such continued succession, to apply the proceeds of the St. George's Fund to the purchase of land in England and Scotland, which shall be cultivated to the utmost attainable fruitfulness and beauty by the labour of man and beasts thereon, such men and beasts receiving at the same time the best education attainable by the trustees for labouring creatures, according to the terms stated in his book.

PRINCE CHARLES AUERSPERG (says a Vienna telegram) has been appointed president, and Counts Wrbna (?) and Funfkirchen vice-presidents of the Upper House. The Emperor has created eight new members of the Upper House, including Herr Moritz Kaiserfeld.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS for all who court the gay and festive scenes. Rowland's Macassar Oil, preserver and beautifier of the hair beyond all precedent. Rowland's Kalydor, for imparting a radiant bloom to the complexion and a softness and delicacy to the skin. Rowland's Odonto or Pearl Dentifrice, for giving a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth, and a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Sold by all chemists and perfumers. *** Ask for "Rowland's" articles. [551

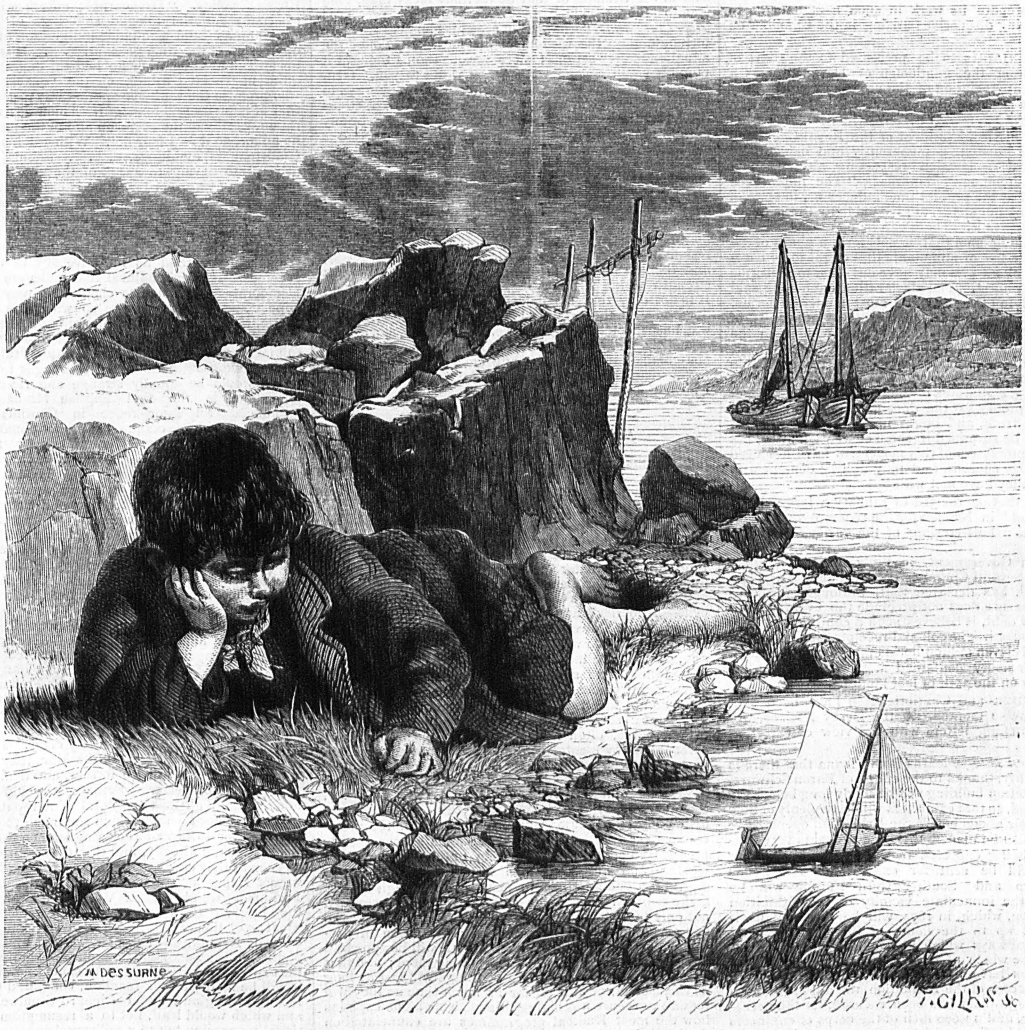


REMINISCENCE OF SUMMER.

GERMAN VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS.

(FROM THE BERLIN CORRESPONDENT OF THE "TELEGRAPH.")

LIVE and learn, says the proverb. Englishmen are bred up in the belief that they are the heartiest Christmas keepers in the world. Their Christmas traditions are of the jolliest—wassail, yule logs, mummers, carols, and revelry of all sorts; their Christmas actualities are pretty cheerful, for an utilitarian age; plum-puddings, pantomimes, and Punch, Christmas-trees, holly and mistletoe, turkey, roast beef, mince-pies. We English are apt to regard King Christmas as a monarch of British extraction—a sort of genial Druid, high priest of a religion of loving kindness, the healer of family quarrels, the gladdener of children's hearts, the promoter of charity, goodwill and joviality amongst all Anglo-Saxon men. I have spent Chrismastides in Germany, in France, Italy, and Spain; but in none of those countries have I been able to discover anything like the feeling about Christmas which pervades the British Isles on that anniversary of holiday, feasting, and merriment. Whenever Englishmen get together, there is Christmas Day sure to be celebrated with wine and wassail, with song and jest. The *National Zeitung*, of Berlin, not long since, published an article of great length and interest—exceedingly well written, by the way—the first sentence of which asserts, with the absoluteness which results from conviction, that "no people of the earth understands how to celebrate Christmas so beautifully (*schön*) as we do." It goes on to say, "other countries have already learnt how to do from us, *as well as they can*. The English, first made acquainted with the German Christmas tree by Prince Albert, have been learning it ever since from high to low, beginning with the Royal Family, and coming gradually downwards till the knowledge became general: but still they do not even yet understand how to decorate the Christmas tree humorously"—this is really the only English word I can venture to give as an appropriate translation of *gemuthlich*, an adjective which not even a German can translate, or, for that matter, define—"and to enjoy it. Not only are the fir-cones, honey-cakes, and candle-smell wanting *around* it; but the gilded apple *upon* it, and the humour (*Gemuth* again) *in* it. The humour (*Gemüth*), that is the thing. Just as other-speaking peoples have no expression equivalent to it (*Gemüth*), and do not understand it, whether paraphrased or translated, so is the Thing itself strange and unknown to them." I will take leave, *à propos* of this sweeping statement, to remark that it is no wonder if "other speaking peoples" do not understand the word or Thing *Gemüth;* inasmuch as, during a three years' residence in Germany, I have never yet been able to find a native of that land—and I number several professors amongst my acquaintance—able to explain its exact significance. It is Protean. *Gemüth*, in short, may mean anything, just as you like to interpret it. But how or why it—whatever it be—should lodge in a German Christmas-tree, thereby distinguishing that vegetable from the English Christmas-tree, in which *Gemüth* does not reside, is and ever will be a mystery to me. Also I am curious to know in what manner the German celebration of Christmas is more "beautiful" than ours. If there were one-half as much good-fellowship current, one-tenth as many public amusements provided, one-hundredth part of the hospitality exhibited in Germany at this season of the year, as in England, Germany would be a much more agreeable country for those who live in it. *Gemüthlichkeit* may be all very well for people that are inclined; but it does not give good dinners or gay dancing parties, get up splendid spectacles at the theatres, or fill the empy bellies and clothe the ragged backs of the poor, as English Christmas-time does. Germany produces an immense number of capital Christmas toys, in which she drives a profitable trade with "other-speaking" countries; but that her children enjoy them more than English children, or even as much, no German domiciled in England would venture to assert. I have never yet seen a German child at play. Even in Southern Germany, where the popular temperament is far gayer than that of the bitter north—in Vienna itself, where amusement seems to be the chief occupation of most people's lives and where I know many charming youngsters—I have never seen a boy with a hoop, a pocketful of marbles, a tool-chest, a trap, bat, and ball, a miniature ship, or any of the toys that are indispensable to a British lad's happiness. German boys of the middle class generally go to day schools—where, of course, there are no playgrounds—until they are old enough for the universities; and, once affiliated to one of these institutions, their sports are limited to gymnastics, drinking, and duelling. German girls of the same class are made to work much harder and earlier than English girls; they are taught to sew, knit, cook, and attend to household matters, while still in short frocks and trousers; and their instruction in music, history, geography, and modern languages, which is steadily prosecuted from their eighth to their seventeenth year, leaves them but small leisure for play. There are few less playful nations than the German, less given to laughter, more addicted to positivism. Doubtless their enjoyment of Christmas fun and revelry is as intense to them as ours is to us; but I protest against the assertion that it is more so, or that they understand better how to beautify and enhance the delights of the Fêtes de Nöel than we.



THE BOY NAVIGATOR—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

MOST of the Paris newspapers, in alluding to Prince Bismarck's despatch to Count Arnim, say it is not consistent with French dignity to argue against force. The *Avenir National* says the despatch simply proves that Prince Bismarck seeks a pretext for prolonging the occupation. Several other newspapers give expression to the same opinion. The *Temps* says:—"Our only care should be our internal reconstruction."

REPENTANCE IN HASTE.—A speech recently delivered by Governor Walker, of Virginia, at a banquet at Farnesville, in reply to the toast, "Our honoured guest," leads the *New York Tribune* to fear that water was not the only beverage consumed at the entertainment; and certainly the observations of His Excellency, as reported, are involved in some little obscurity. "It is, indeed," he said, "my good fortune to be the chief executive officer of our commonwealth, and it is a good fortune that Cæsar himself might have been proud of, yet I feel deeply my own feebleness in that exalted position—my own unworthiness of its honours. There is no higher position on earth, my friends, than the governorship of Virginia. We have some people among us, my fellow-citizens, who should not be among us—a class of people who to-day are sowing the seeds of discontent broadcast over the State. They are the owls of society. Hang 'em up, my friends, to the first lamp-post; scalp 'em; say to them, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and put them away from you. I hope we shall hear no more of this talk about Virginia retrograding. I can whip any man who says Virginia is retrograding." The Governor, being greeted with laughter, resumed, "I crave your pardon, gentlemen. In the excitement of the moment I said more than I meant. I desired to say that I felt as if I could whip any man."

THE committee of the Italian Chamber of Deputies has approved the estimates for the armament and defence of the State, according to the Ministerial propositions. Signor Sineo said that the amount demanded was not sufficient if the eventuality of war between France and Italy were considered. The Minister of War replied that he did not admit those fears, but it was needful to be prepared. The Chamber then passed the Budget of Public Works for 1872. The Senate adjourned until the 28th of December.

THE *Broad Arrow* comes to the conclusion that "though war may not be imminent, still it is probable at no very distant period. To feel that Russia expects no friendship from Austria, we need only remember that the fortifications of Warsaw have been strengthened immensely, and works thrown up between this point and the Galician frontier, a simple confession that such armaments have not been executed in view of internal disturbances. Should war break out, Russia would probably attempt to throw an overwhelming force into Austrian Galicia and occupy Cracow, at the same time overawing Poland with a very large force. It is useless to disguise the fact that all this may at any moment occur, now that Russia once more appears able, and we might almost say determined, to resume the aggressive policy which was checked by the successful issue of the Crimean War."

HOME AND ABROAD.

A GREAT sensation has been produced in the village of Stainz, in Styria, by the murder of the burgomaster on politico-religious grounds. He was shot in the back of his office by a peasant named Prches, who openly declared that he did the deed because he wished to rid the world of a free-thinker. The clergy, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Eastern Budget*, is much troubled by this event, as it fears that it will give a strong impulse to the general demand for a law against abuse of the pulpit.

TO support his dignity, the Newcastle coroner has been presented with a sword. It will be remembered he lately spoke regretfully of the old custom of coroners wearing swords.

THE estimates for the French War Department, says *Galignani*, have been fixed at the sum of 450 millions. On being submitted to the Committee of the Budget, they only gave rise to observations on matters of detail and demands for information, which will be furnished without delay by the Administration. The committee has understood the necessities which impose such heavy military expenditure on the country, and is desirous to prepare its work in such a manner as to prevent irritating discussions arising in the Chamber on the subject.

A TESTIMONIAL is to be presented to the Earl of Portsmouth from the gentlemen of Devonshire as a mark of their appreciation of the urbanity and liberality with which he has hunted their country.

THE *Medical Press and Circular* has received from Dr. Burrows, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians of London, a numerously and influentially signed medical declaration respecting alcohol, upon which our contemporary remarks:—"The importance of the subject at the present time induces us, in spite of the demands on our space, to give publicity to the document as we receive it. There can be no question in the minds of thinking men that it sets forth a phase of the question in the use of stimulants that ought to be carefully weighed by all who may have occasion to prescribe alcohol in any form. The declaration cannot be said to be couched in other than the most moderate terms. It is not unlikely, indeed, that extreme adherents of 'temperance' principles will find fault with it on the ground that it is not forcible enough. We, however, feel that the studied moderation is a commendable feature in the declaration, and we confidently appeal to the large list of signatures of the leaders of professional opinion as a proof that the document really represents an important truth, and ought not to be lost sight of. We shall not be surprised if some contention arise, but we think the promoters of this movement have achieved a most laudable success, and may well be content with the response they have met with."

IT is stated that on the 3rd of January a large drawing will be held in Munich for the redemption of about a million and a half sterling of the various Bavarian debts.

THE Dutch Government, in reply to the strictures made in the Second Chamber on the Public Debt Redemption Bill, has declared that, although the contemplated measure does not preclude the eventual contract of a new debt, it believes such a contingency to be very remote indeed. The colonial receipts for the current year will yield eleven million florins more than estimated. The State Treasury contained more than thirty-five million florins on the 30th of last month.

JOHN LAUDER and Charlotte Roe have been sent to gaol for twelve months, at the Derby Assizes, for sending threatening letters with the view of extorting money.

THE *Eastern Budget* learns from Vienna that there is every probability, thanks to the efforts of Baron Schwarz, that the Exhibition building will be ready long before the specified period, so that exhibitors will have plenty of time to arrange their goods before the Exhibition opens. The space which will be placed at their disposal is very considerable, it being expected that a very large number of articles will be sent for exhibition. The goods from Eastern and South-Eastern Europe will be conveyed to the immediate vicinity of the Exhibition by the Danube, which, in 1873, will be rendered navigable almost up to the doors of the building, and the branch railways which are to connect the Exhibition with the whole of the Austrian and the principal European lines have already been begun. In order to ensure the success of the Exhibition, the aid of Austrian and foreign capitalists has been secured, for the necessary expenses, and 13,000 men of the corps of engineers have been told off to assist at the works. The latter measure is a great sacrifice on the part of the Government, as since the introduction of general liability to military service, the period during which a man has to serve in the army is limited to three years, so that these engineers will practically be drilled and otherwise prepared for the army for one-third only of the regulated period.

THE foot-and-mouth disease, which a few weeks ago prevailed to an alarming extent in Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, is disappearing. The disease is principally confined to sheep.

UNDER the direction of Dr. Forbes Watson, on the part of the Government of India, a very important series of trials of cotton gins is now being conducted at Manchester, and promises to lead to practical results of great value.

THE Special Commissioners for English Fisheries have just completed inquiries at Totnes and Honiton, Devon, respecting the condition of the salmon fisheries in the Dart, the Otter, and the Exe fishery districts. Passes were ordered to be erected near mill wheels on the rivers Otter and Exe, and some nets now in use were declared to be illegal.

THE appointment of Count Apponyi, formerly Austrian Ambassador in London, to the post of Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Republic, is gazetted.

MR. LAING has expressed his willingness to come forward for the vacancy in the Wick burghs, providing his return without a contest can be ensured.

ANOTHER and shorter railway between the two great cities of Southern Italy is said to be projected. It would bring Rome within three and a half hours of Naples.

THE *Unita Cattolica* seems to indicate that the departure of the Pope from Rome is an event that may happen at any moment.

THE Italian Senate has approved the Budget for 1871. At a meeting of the majority of the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Ricasoli was unanimously selected as the candidate of the party for the Presidency of the Chamber.

THE correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes from the city of Mexico, on November the 21st:—If the present revolution were the first which I have witnessed in Mexico, I should be inclined to say that it was "all up" with President Juarez. But as I have had not an inconsiderable experience in revolutions, and as this is the thirteenth revolt against the present Administration of which I have written the history, I still remain tolerably firm in my belief that it will end, as its thirteen predecessors have done, in the discomfiture of the rebels, and in the triumph of that wonderfully lucky man, Don Benito Jaurez, whom may Heaven long preserve! *Acerta errando*, perhaps; but even his blunders are more fortunate than the wisdom of his foes. No doubt the situation is very serious; more serious than I thought it possibly could become when I last wrote to you. Gen. Porfirio Diaz has often been tempted in many ways to place himself at the head of the disaffected factions throughout the country, and it is true that if there be any man in Mexico who can make a revolt against Jaurez successful, Porfirio Diaz is that man. But over and over again he has resisted these temptations, and has declared that he never would draw his sword in another civil war. I myself have heard him make these declarations, and the high and chivalrous character of the man led every one to believe in his sincerity. But now he has yielded to the temptations which before he resisted. He has accepted the leadership of the revolt, and there is no use in denying that he has given to it a strength which it otherwise could never have attained. It is not only that his defection has gone far towards demoralising the army. Many officers whose fidelity was unsuspected have gone over to the rebels since Diaz issued his *pronunciamiento*, but his defection alarms the non-combatant community and encourages everywhere the open and the secret foes of the Administrations. Still, I think the revolt will be put down.

A GERMAN ON ENGLAND.

SIX months ago the *Allgemeine Zeitung* published an address from "Herr Trutz-Baumwoll" to the Emperor of Germany, calling upon him to conquer England, which attracted considerable attention at the time both in this country and on the Continent. Last week there appeared in the same paper a letter from London, signed "Trutz-Baumwoll the Second," which argues that England is in greater danger from her own people than from the aggressive spirit of continental nations.

"England," says the writer, "suffers from two great evils—hypocrisy and earnestness. The increasing power of the Lower House has given its members a social importance which they did not possess forty years ago. Self-made men, who have become rich by selling iron, tallow, and soap, are no longer content to buy large country houses with splendid gardens and parks. They do not find this sufficient for admitting them into aristocratic society; and—which is far more important—their wives, often ladies not distinguished either by personal or by mental attractions, do not play such a part as they would wish in the circles of the county nobility. Such people have, therefore, a double motive for obtaining a seat in Parliament. . . . . For this money is not sufficient; the candidate must also adopt the dogmas and shibboleths of the proletarian electors. Hence the undignified scenes usually presented under the new system of electoral tactics; wealthy and ambitious men who seek the votes of electors to enable them to penetrate into high society make political professions of faith which are opposed not only to the privileges of the aristocracy, but also to the accumulation and hereditary transmission of property. They imagine that the multitude will be appeased by such professions, and ask for nothing more; and that in any case the existing state of things will last as long as themselves, or at least for as much time as they will require to secure a social position. This alone explains how the most Radical programmes are enunciated on the hustings by men who, when once they get into Parliament, become exceedingly tame in their language and opinions, and deny themselves no luxury or comfort in private life." As to the working classes, the writer thinks that "all their clubs and leagues . . . . are more or less infected with the ideas of the International," and that "whatever they declare to be their present object, their ultimate aim is to withdraw both land and capital from private owners." The last extension of the franchise has virtually made them "dominant in the large towns, and as there are plenty of rich men who are only too ready to solicit their suffrages . . . . they have an excellent basis of operations for their projected crusade." But above all they "have been fortunate enough to meet with a Premier who is prepared, I will not say to adopt, and *ex officio* to defend, the aspirations of the working class, but at any rate to sympathise with their wishes, to listen to their arguments, and to consider their proposals."

Herr Trutz-Baumwoll is of opinion that Mr. Gladstone has not been quite done justice to either in England or abroad. "He is probably not a great man, but he certainly possesses great qualities. He is not eloquent, though Englishmen call him so, as they do everybody who can put ten sentences together without stopping or hesitation; but he has great fluency of language and extraordinary resources in debate. . . . He is not witty; he is not interesting, elegant, or winning; but he is quick, impetuous, fluent, and, above all, earnest. It is not for nothing that he comes of a Scotch family half naturalised in the north of England. He unites the methodical decorum of the English tradesman with the traditional devoutness of the Scotch puritan—a puritanism which neither Eton nor Oxford could efface. With such a man—excitable, earnest, thoughtful, devout, pugnacious, and hasty—a man who, moreover, is penetrated with what a French writer has called the Communistic side of gospel doctrine—with such a man at the head of affairs, demands like those of Mr. Odger's supporters have more prospect of being listened to now than under any former English ministry. . . . . . This is the union of hypocrisy and earnestness which seems to me to constitute the danger that threatens English society—the earnestness of Mr. Gladstone and the hypocrisy of the men who have supported, for personal objects, the demands of the aspiring proletariat. The latter is invariably sure of a patient, almost a respectful, hearing from a statesman who will always prefer the demands of 'flesh and blood' to the consideration of prosperity and security of the country." Mr. Gladstone's "sentimental policy" on the Irish land question, the writer proceeds, is a bad omen for his English policy. "His earnest nature will glow with sympathy for the alleged sufferings of the English workman as it did with noble indignation at the alleged oppression of the Irish peasant. . . It is true that in his speech at Greenwich he had the courage to make a quite unexpected attack on the 'quackery' of those who promise the workmen another way to prosperity than that of industry and foresight. This was a manly declaration, worthy of the occasion and of the man. But will he adhere to it? I fear not. With all his virtues Mr. Gladstone is ambitious. . . . Should he ever be driven into having to speak of the working classes on questions of wages or taxes, he is capable in the heat of debate of raising a flag on which many of his supporters have not yet learned to look with cold blood. With his impressionable and pugnacious nature, it is by no means impossible that he may be driven into expressions which might be regarded as an advocacy of Communistic schemes. It is only natural that under such a Minister Democrats and Socialists should feel new courage and hope. His sympathies are so wide, his intellect so subtle, that he has more points of contact even with the maddest theorists than many others who are very inferior to him in accomplishments and natural talent. Under such a leader England may be brought into a position which would be equally strange and ridiculous. Mr. Gladstone is the first English Minister who has renounced all interference in Continental affairs. He has drawn a cordon of international quarantine round England: great empires may fall, greater ones arise, frontiers be changed, alliances be modified, the equilibrium of Europe be established on new foundations, old allies be threatened—all this no longer has any interest for England or her Ministers. . . . Even a treaty which is as important for the future of Europe as those of Munster, Utrecht, and Vienna were, has been practically abolished without even the opinion of the country of Marlborough and Wellington being asked—and yet they look on with indifference, secure behind their broad ditch of 'silver sea.'"

But, concludes Herr Trutz-Baumwoll, there is a Nemesis for those who stunt the development of a nation's strength. "That national force which overthrew Louis XVI., which in the most dangerous crisis of the Prussian State gave our great Frederick courage and confidence, and raised up the discouraged nations of Europe against the intolerable tyranny of the First Napoleon, will, if denied free play, eat into itself." What the result will be is pretty clear. The abolition of the Upper House and of the Monarchy will satisfy some; but others will go further, and demand a redistribution of property. Perhaps it would be well, he adds, if England had ten years of a republic, for this would give her a lesson which she much requires. "It seems never to have struck Englishmen that they have had a republic already, and that they got rid of it again as soon as they could. The whole question of 'Monarchy versus Republic' was exhaustively discussed by the Parliament which invited William of Orange to accept the English Crown. . . . The originators of the great revolution of 1688 had gone through the experience of two Republics—that of Cromwell and that of the Netherlands; and neither could induce them to repeat the experiment in England. If it should now be repeated, it will be followed by a reaction, compared to which the feeling in England under Richard Cromwell was tame, and which would lead, not to a resumption of constitutional monarchy, but to a military despotism."

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

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For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

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The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

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Rain a Preservation from Danger by Lightning.
Lightning Conductor. Aurora Borealis.
The Sensitive Plant, whence it's Sensibility.
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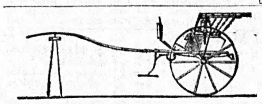

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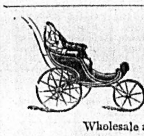

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7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
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